

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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ROOM FOR HIS LORDSHIP.

A CHARADE.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

Room for his Lordship! up the street
Full stately roll the well-fed bays,
As, all in trim their chief to meet,
Our town its ghostly staff displays:
And thus, with ritual and procession,
My *first* is yielded in possession.

Room for his Lordship! through the crowd
The message all unheeded fares;
Amid the buzz of voices loud,
Not one perceives, and no one cares:
For men regard, in railway throng,
My *second* only, right or wrong.

Room for his Lordship! German spas
In vain have done their best to save;
So, grasped in Death's relentless claws,
He back must travel o'er the wave,
In oaken chest, a soulless thing,
Grim burden for my *third* to bring.

Room for his Lordship! where, and how?
His titles and his rank are past;
His splendid talents count not now,
For Heaven's own doom is come at last.
Unless his soul be cleansed from sin,
Not e'en my *whole* will let him in.

— Argosy.

A SUMMER IDYL.

WALKING one summer-day, with lazy tread
And downcast eyes, in meditative mood,
I heard the murmur of the coming storm.
Clouds, mountain-vast, and crowned with peer-
less white,

Peak above peak, in wild abandonment
Uprose in heav'n, and clapt all sunshine from
The wood and field; and sudden stillness clung
About the earth. Yet, now, far-off was heard,
Far-off, and yet as near (so close it seemed),
The murmurous rustle of thick-foliaged
Trees; then distant bleat of sheep unsheltered
And afraid; and then again the murmur
Low of tremulous leaves, as if appalled:
Then came, now heard, and now not heard,
ebbing

And flowing on the restful air a low,
Sweet song as of some maiden fair.

At this

Mine eyes I raised, and lo! towards me came,
More welcome than in death the hope of life,
My Isobel (though then not mine); and as
The breaking glory of the East, to one,
Who, tost of tumultuous thought, has lain
through

All the life-long, weary night, longing for
Day, that he may rise and mingle with the

World; so to my soul her advent seemed, and
Silent joy broke loose through all my frame.

The
Level sward, girt round with trees, awhile we
Paced, then silently, as stoops some lily to the
Westward gale, she stooped, and I stood
Wond'ring why she bent thus lowly towards
the

Earth and spoke no word; and as the lily,
Rising, seems to us more wondrous fair for
Bending from our sight awhile, filling what
Now was void with light and beauty; so she:
And when she rose she held in one white hand
Two tender flowers, blue as Italian skies,
On one frail, life-enclosing stem allied;
And turning towards me her fair face she
smiled —

And O! her smile was as the bursting of
All beauty on the sight of one who had
Been blind, but now, and suddenly, by hands
Unseen, restored to sight; and in her eyes
A bright light gathered confusing me,
And from her lips broke musically —

But soft: a beatific dream: a joy
That held me from all earthly things as by
A spell: the passionate uttering of
Words, soul-laden, that no man may know:
the

Meeting of two lips that yet no meeting
Knew: the welding of two souls on love's
high

Altar-piece, with blaze of lightnings for our
Heavenly witnesses, and deep-voiced thunder
For our priestly music: love burst its bonds —
As from her nest some eagle-pinioned bird —
And she is mine.

J. M.

— Temple Bar.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

I SAW in dream where met proud rivers twain
From the east and west — one without storm
or stain,

Clear-eyed and paved with crystal, as to glass
The merest speck that in the air might pass
Above it; — the other from remoter springs,
Soiled with long travel and passionate out-
goings,

Full-veined, and swoll'n with ore from the iron
rock,

Impetuous sped to meet it. At the shock
Earth reeled, and heaven grew dark with sudden
gloom

Above th' impenetrable spray. What wonder
If men's eyes, baffled by the blinding foam,
Saw not beyond, where 'scaped the smoke and
thunder

Through prosperous fields, bright-blazon'd fold
on fold —

One clear strong stream — their glorious course
they hold?

— Spectator.

J. R.

From The London Quarterly Review.

The Life and Times of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, M.A., Rector of Epworth. By L. TYERMAN. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Sold also at 66, Paternoster Row. 1866.

IF Samuel Wesley, the Rector of Epworth, had not been the father of the Wesleys, his memoirs would have been well worthy of publication. The life of a busy, learned, country rector, between 1690 and 1730; a man of vigorous sense, who took an active part in the affairs of Church and State, and in the controversies of that polemical period; of one who, at intervals of some years, attended three Convocations, and who wrote the defence of Sacheverell; could not fail, if only one could get a fair look into it, to afford a student of English history much entertainment and instruction. In Samuel Wesley's case, moreover, there are additional and special points of interest.

He had been brought up a Dissenter; he intermarried with one of the most distinguished Dissenting families; and yet he went over, even before his marriage, from a Dissenting theological academy to Oxford, and from Nonconformity to the Church of England. In after-life he prosecuted a severe personal controversy with his old Dissenting friends. In his early manhood, although he had abandoned Dissent, he co-operated with a well-known Dissenting publisher, his wife's brother-in-law, Dunton, in conducting the *Athenian Oracle*, a periodical paper of not a little note in its time. At this period, also, he appears to have been a ready and vigorous pamphleteer. In after-life, as an ex-Dissenter and also a writer against Dissent, and again as a Low Churchman and Whig, who had become a supporter of the Tory and High Church party, he became a marked man, and suffered grievously in his parish from political malignity. He was one of the most learned clergymen of his time, as his Letter to his Curate, even without his folio on Job, would suffice to prove. He was also one of the raciest English writers of his time. No country parson could well have had to endure more hardships and sore troubles than he; none, it is certain, could have borne, and borne up against them, with braver patience. Aided by his wonderful wife, with whom, however, he had many and serious differences of judgment, he brought up, amid penury and tribulation, a family of sons and daughters, incomparable for the wit, intelligence; and accomplishments, which were distributed amongst them, liberally, as it would seem, to all, although in

various kinds and in different proportions to each. And the letters written by the Rector to his sons, when absent at school and at college, are unrivalled, so far as we know, among similar productions, for their combination of racy vigour and tenderness, of humour and wisdom. The rector's prose, indeed, seems to have been characteristically picturesque and vivid.

The memoirs of such a man would, we repeat, have been well worthy of publication, if he had not been the father of the Wesleys. But when we add to such considerations as we have indicated that of his sons, two were John and Charles Wesley, the question of his influence, as a father, upon the mind and character of those who were to take such a part as the Wesleys did in the great religious revival of the last century, becomes not only interesting in itself, but even a point of some importance in relation to the ecclesiastical history of modern England. Especially does this appear to be the case, when it is found that some of the points most characteristic of the Methodism of the sons, had their original in the Churchmanship of their father.

We have already in this Journal, from the sources which at the time were at our disposal, given some account of the Rector of Epworth, in connection with notices of his ancestry in general, on both sides, so far as his genealogy is known.* But Mr. Tyerman's researches have placed some very important additional material in our hands. Moreover, in his interesting and valuable volume, Mr. Tyerman, as regards a few points of leading importance, has taken a view of the Rector's character somewhat at variance with our own. And, furthermore, it is our intention, at an early period, to furnish, so far as we may be able, such a sketch as the evidence now accumulated from various quarters seems to authenticate, of the earlier history, and of the character in his vigorous prime, of the Rector's son, John, the founder of Methodism. For these reasons, and especially as preliminary to our article on John Wesley, we have determined to devote the present article to a more distinct exhibition than has hitherto been given of the special features in the character of the Rector of Epworth.

We shall pass lightly over those points in Samuel Wesley's character respecting which there can be little controversy, even though, as to one of them, his enthusiastic

* See No. XLIII. of this Journal. The Article referred to, "The Ancestry of the Wesleys," is reprinted in Dr. Riggs' *Essays for the Times*. See also a notice of Tyerman's *Life of Samuel Wesley, Sen.*, in No. LII. of this Journal.

and admiring biographer holds an opinion as decisive as it is singular. And we shall make no attempt to give an historical outline of his life; partly because we did this to some extent in the article to which we have already referred, and to which the present paper may be considered as a supplement, and partly because Mr. Tyerman's book is accessible to all our readers, and ought to be in the hands of all.

It was, doubtless, a great misfortune for Samuel Wesley, as respected the early development of his character, that he was so soon deprived of his father's care and guidance. He was but sixteen years old, when (in 1678) his father, John Wesley, the persecuted but able and great-hearted sectary of South Dorset, died, worn out with suffering, though still young in years.* Young Samuel was ambitious and persevering, with a prodigious power of work in him; he had keen and vigorous sense, with a strong turn for satire and for "tagging rhymes," but with no refinement of taste and little delicacy of feeling. He was certainly out of his place when he became a student at a Dissenting theological seminary, for he had no spiritual vocation, at that time, to the work of the Christian ministry. And, for a youth of his temper and abilities, no course could be so inviting or so natural as to go to the University at which, before the national unity had been broken by religious intolerance, his forefathers had graduated in successive generations. It is little wonder, accordingly, that in 1668 he left the Stoke Newington Academy for Oxford; and no great wonder that in abandoning Dissent he became a Tory Churchman, especially when it is remembered what Oxford was in 1685.

Samuel Wesley's poetry, we take leave still to think, in common with all the world, except his last biographer, is, for the most part, mere doggerel. Here and there, however, even in the *Life of Christ*, there are good passages, while occasionally, both in the *Eupolis' Hymn* and elsewhere, his verses show not only vigour and fair polish, but poetic feeling and fire. His *Letter to a Curate* is a very capital piece of prose writing, both for matter and style. His folio on Job is most erudite, and its Latinity is good, although the credit of its style probably belongs to his son Samuel.

He was an honest, hard-working, self-denying man, but a very poor man of business. His worst feature is his time-serving in matters political and ecclesiastical; one

of his best is his dutiful care of his widowed mother, the Dissenting relict of his sectarian father. Although himself often in bitter penury, and always in straits, he never omitted to make up an annual ten pounds for his mother. From him such a contribution was nothing less than nobly generous. There were those nearly related to her and her persecuted husband who might have done handsomely for the widow, but seem to have done little or nothing. Her poor threadbare son, with his large ill-clad and ill-fed family, never failed her, in his most agonising distress.

The Rector was, as we shall presently see, a strict disciplinarian. In his parish he must have been often accounted stern; and in his family he sometimes seems almost harsh. Both his wife and his children, however, had wills of their own. And, on the whole, as will be shown by-and-by, his character shines as that of an exemplary parish minister and a wise and most affectionate father.

But Mr. Tyerman will scarcely allow that there was any blemish in the character of his hero. And, in particular, he holds him free from the imputation of time-serving. To our thinking, on the other hand, no feature of his character is written so plainly on his history, except his brave endurance and his honest hard work. All that can be said in extenuation is, that it was the fault of his age, and partly the fruit of his poverty and sore distress. It was the infirmity of a man who through life was hard pressed to find even food for his family. He had to begin at the University as a servitor and pensioner. In that capacity he won his bread, going to Oxford with forty-five shillings in his pocket, and leaving it with ten pounds, having absolutely maintained himself as a student, by acting as a menial to the wealthy or high-born commoners, by favouring their humours, by cramming them for their rehearsals and examinations, and by writing their essays and exercises.

Being thus trained, by poverty and need, in habits of servility to those in power and place, we find that on occasion of the birth of the Prince of Wales, "the Old Pretender," he published, after Midsummer, 1688, and in the same volume with the congratulatory verses, composed on the same occasion, by the Popish Fellows of Magdalen College, some sorry but most fulsome lines, entitled, *Strenæ Natalitius*, in which "great James" is flattered, while a coarse and

* His age was thirty-four.

vindictive allusion is thrown in to the fate of Monmouth in his rebellion.*

It must be remembered that this was after James's visit to Oxford, when he so grossly insulted the Fellows of Magdalen (September, 1687); that it was after the king, by an unheard-of exercise of arbitrary power, had imposed on that College the Popish Fellows whom the College would have rejected; that it was after the imprisonment of the Seven Bishops.†

William, however, landed on the 5th of November following, and the first writer to publish a pamphlet in vindication of the Revolution was the same needy scribe who had been one of the very last to flatter James, who had flattered him at a time, but a few months before, when almost the whole nation, Churchmen, Nonconformists, and mere politicians, with one consent, were inflamed with indignation against him.

Mr. Tyerman has proved that it is a mistake to suppose that the Rector was, throughout life, a High Churchman. It is, undoubtedly, a mistake. He was ordained Deacon, at Bromley, in Kent, by Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, during the trial of the Seven Bishops, at a time when Sprat was the object of general execration because of his sympathy with the tyrant James, so that, as Mr. Tyerman says, "while the air rang with loud huzzas for the persecuted prelates, it was also filled with execrations against Sprat and his fawning associates." This was at the very time that Wesley's *Strenæ Natalitiæ* was in the press, and when, no doubt, he was expecting a donation, if not a preferment, as the guerdon of his minstrelsy. It was, to say the least, unfortunate that he should have received deacon's orders at this period from such a man as Sprat. If he could not wait, — he would have had to wait only a few days, — for the Bishop of London, he might have applied to the Bishop of Oxford, his true diocesan, or to the Bishop of Winchester, for ordination. Nevertheless, from the

time of the accession of William and Mary, throughout their reign, Mr. Samuel Wesley remained a Low Churchman. He dedicated his *Life of Christ* to Queen Mary, and in the body of that metrical publication he went so far in flattery as to represent "our great Mary" as "filling the second place" in heaven after the Virgin Mother. He paid assiduous court to Tillotson, the great ecclesiastical friend and counsellor of Mary and her husband. From Mary, in consequence, he obtained the living of Epworth, although the living did not fall into his occupancy until after her death.

In 1705, at which time the Duke of Marlborough, through the influence of the Duchess with the Queen, was the chief pillar of the moderate Whigs, Mr. Wesley had published an elaborate poem, in eulogy of the great Duke, which was "dedicated to the Right Honourable Master Godolphin," at that time the most powerful among the ministers of the Queen. The poem procured the Rector a military chaplaincy, which, however, he soon lost in consequence of his having, as Mr. Tyerman says, "withdrawn his promise to vote for Whicheott, the Dissenters' candidate," at the General Election of 1705. The truth is, that throughout Anne's reign her personal feelings were in favour of High Church principles. This was well understood in the country, and especially was known and felt among the clergy. At the same time, William's powerful influence in favour of moderation and toleration, if not comprehension, was withdrawn. Hence the bigotry and oppressive claims of Churchmen on the one hand, and the resentment and bitterness of Dissenters, on the other hand, were continually increasing; and it became more and more difficult for a clergyman to temporise, or to hold a moderate position. About the same time Mr. Wesley became involved in a personal quarrel and controversy with his old Dissenting co-religionists, which helped to urge him into the position of a High Churchman. Still it is not easy to excuse the length to which he presently went in High Church partisanship.

For the same man who published a fulsome elegy on Tillotson in 1695, when William was king, defended Sacheverell in 1710, when High Churchism was rising fast into ascendancy; when the credit of the Marlboroughs with the Queen was gone, and the influence of Mrs. Masham was approaching to supremacy. The man who undertook to write Sacheverell's defence, however certain it may be that he was a Low Churchman during the reign of Wil-

* See the Article on "The Ancestry of the Wesleys," before referred to.

† We need hardly now remind the student of Methodist history, especially if he be also a reader of this Journal, that the story which Macaulay has adopted in his *History of England*, to the effect that Samuel Wesley preached on occasion of James the Second's Declaration of Independence, a sermon against the King's Declaration, from the text, "Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods," &c. has arisen out of a confusion of persons, and is quite without foundation. As related of Mr. Wesley. The real hero of the story is not Mr. Wesley, but the Rev. John Berry, not the father, but the father-in-law of Samuel Wesley, Jun., the poet and satirist of Westminster School and of Tiverton Grammar School.

liam, must have been a very High Churchman in 1710, as he had been a very high partisan of James before the autumn of 1688 — that is, before the landing of William. And we cannot help remembering that Queen Anne herself was known to be a High Churchwoman; that the Queen's chaplains formed part of the procession of clergy which, on occasion of Sacheverell's impeachment, gathered to Westminster Hall to meet and hail the champion of High Church bitterness and intolerance; and that, within a few months after Sacheverell's trial, the Tories had finally supplanted the Whigs in the Queen's counsels. Mr. Tyerman, who has the merit not only of knowing all that is to be known about the Rector of Epworth, but of honestly looking in the face the facts which are the most strongly opposed to his high estimate of his hero, having shown who and what Sacheverell was, and shown that Wesley was undoubtedly the writer of his defence, adds the following comment on the matter: "We regret this for a twofold reason; first, because Sacheverell, however able, was a turbulent priest, not worthy of the help of such a man as the Rector of Epworth was; and, secondly, because it proves that Wesley, who began his life as a moderate Churchman, and an admirer of Archbishop Tillotson, was now a partisan of the High Church clique, and allied with men who regarded the Dissenters with the bitterest hostility." * Mr. Tyerman, indeed, alleges as a material extenuation, that, during the previous six years, Mr. Wesley had been roughly handled in controversy by the Dissenters. There were, however, without question, severe provocations given to the Dissenters in connection with that controversy, and there were faults on both sides. And the descendant of the Wesleys and the Whites, who himself had married an Annesley, and whose own father had suffered, as a godly Dissenter, such wrongs at the hands of Episcopalians, ought never to have become the partisan of Sacheverell. Meantime, it must not be forgotten that, some years before this, Mr. Wesley had dedicated his *History of the Old and New Testament* to Queen Anne. It is likely that the influence of the Duke of Marlborough had helped him to obtain permission to make that dedication. But the duke was out of favour now, and the Rector had gone round with the times.

Pope, who was well acquainted with the Rector's son Samuel, in writing to Swift in 1730 on behalf of the Rector's *Commentary*

* *Life and Times of Samuel Wesley*, p. 340.

on *Job*, speaks of him as "an old Tory and a sufferer for the Church of England," whom, Whig as he and Swift both were, he desired Swift to do his best to serve. There can be no doubt that, during the last five-and-twenty years of his life, he passed for a Tory and a High Churchman; and he found this reputation inconvenient when he came to solicit a third queen, Queen Caroline, to accept the dedication of a book from him — viz. his work on *Job*. Moreover, his son Samuel, trained by both father and mother as a High Churchman, and having a reputation as a witty and vigorous Tory satirist, found special difficulties in the way of promoting his father's wishes in regard to the dedication. It is to this the old gentleman refers, in the following extract from a letter which he wrote to his son Samuel about this matter: —

"I guess at the particulars, that you have let your wit too loose against some favourites; which is often more highly resented, and harder to be pardoned, than if you had done it against greater persons. It seems, then, that original sin goes sometimes upwards as well as downwards; and we must suffer for our offspring. Though, notwithstanding this disappointment, I shall never think it a 'misfortune to have been your father.' I am sensible it would avail little for me to plead, in proof of my loyalty, the having written and printed the first thing that appeared in defence of the Government after the accession of King William and Queen Mary to the crown (which was an answer to a speech without doors), and that I wrote a great many little pieces more, both in prose and verse, with the same view; and that I ever had the most tender affection and the deepest veneration for my sovereign and the royal family; on which account (it is no secret to you, though it is to most others) I have undergone the most sensible pains and inconveniences of my whole life, and that for a great many years together; and yet have still, I thank God, retained my integrity firm and immovable, till I have conquered at the last.

"I must confess, I had the pardonable vanity (when I had dedicated two books before to two of our English Queens, Queen Mary and Queen Anne) to desire to inscribe a third, which has cost me ten times as much labour as all the rest, to her gracious Majesty Queen Caroline, who, I have heard, is an encourager of learning. And this work, I am sure, needs a royal encouragement, whether or no it may deserve it. Neither would I yet despair of it, had I any friend who would fairly represent that and me to her Majesty. Be that as it pleaseth Him in whose hands are the hearts of all the princes upon earth; and who turneth them whithersoever He pleases." — TYERMAN'S *Wesley of Epworth*, pp. 409, 410.

There can be no doubt that the reference at the close of the first paragraph cited is to the well-known although (as Mr. Kirk and Mr. Tyerman have shown) greatly exaggerated disagreement between Mrs. Wesley and her husband, in regard to the Rector's praying for King William in the family. Mrs. Wesley could not reconcile such prayers for William with her enthusiastic and religious Jacobitism. She would not herself have been capable of showing so much pliancy in political and ecclesiastical matters as her husband. Nevertheless, in his latest years, the Rector seems to have fully believed in his own consistency throughout his course. He boasted in his explanatory and defensive letter to his brother, Dr. Wesley, that he had "bred up" all his family in his own principles and practices, among which he specifies in particular "a steady opposition to such as are open or secret friends to the Great Rebellion, or to any such principles as do but squint towards the same practices; so that he hopes they are all staunch High Church, and for inviolable passive obedience." This was really by no means consistent with his having been first in the field to espouse the cause of William. Nevertheless, when we remember how almost all the world, and especially the chief politicians and Churchmen, went round to the cause of William; how, in particular, so distinguished a Churchman as Sherlock justified his adhesion to the *King de facto*, although he had so deeply disapproved of the dethronement of one whom he had believed to be king by Divine right; we cannot be surprised that a needy young clergyman, just entering life, should easily transfer his allegiance and his too fulsome homage from a king whom the nation had rejected to one whom Europe admired. It may be admitted that the Rector had a superlative admiration for men in power and place, an extravagant subserviency for the throne: his politics were always, as far as possible, those of the reigning sovereign. This was a part of his loyalty, and, therefore, a part of his religion. He identified the policy of the monarch with his person; he could not well separate loyalty to one from approval of the other. To these considerations let the fact of his early training at Oxford, and of his extreme necessities and his absolute dependence for extrication from his difficulties on the patronage of the powerful or the favour of the wealthy, be added, and we shall cease to wonder at — we shall hardly condemn with severity — the apparent servility, the undoubted time-serving of the Rector. The poor man tried to

catch the ear, to court the favour, in succession, of James, of William, of Queen Mary, Queen Anne, and Queen Caroline: he paid his tribute to the Duke of Marlborough, to Godolphin, and to the Marchioness of Normanby. But surely never did any man work harder, struggle more bravely, or endure more patiently, than the Rector of Epworth.

The year after the Rector had written *Sacheverell's Defence*, he was chosen, for the second time, to represent his brethren in Convocation. He had received the like honour ten years before. In 1701, however, Samuel Wesley had been a Moderate Churchman. Tillotson, indeed, was dead; but William still reigned. Whereas in 1711 he had allowed himself to be carried away by the bigotry which prevailed on every side, and against which, it must be owned, only a man of great character and of independent information could have stood firm. We can hardly err in supposing that, in that year of High Church presumption and excess, the writer of *Sacheverell's Defence* was sent to Convocation as himself an ultra-High Churchman. To what lengths his party were carried in the Convocation of that year will be evident from the following extract from Burnet's *History of His Own Times*, which we borrow from Mr. Tyerman, and which will be read with peculiar interest at this time, when the same High Church doctrines have not only been revived, but carried to greater than even non-juring lengths: —

"At this time (says Bishop Burnet) there appeared an inclination in many of the clergy to a nearer approach to the Church of Rome. Hicks, who was now the head of the Jacobite party, had, in several books, promoted the notion that there was a proper sacrifice made in the Eucharist. He also openly condemned the supremacy of the Crown in ecclesiastical affairs, and the method in which the Reformation was carried. One Brett preached a sermon, in several of the pulpits of London, which he afterwards printed, in which he said no repentance could serve without priestly absolution, and affirmed that the priest was vested with the same power of pardoning that our Saviour Himself had. Another conceit was the invalidity of lay baptism and that, as Dissenting teachers were laymen, they and their congregations ought to be rebaptised. Dodwell left all who died without the sacraments to the uncovenanted mercies of God; and maintained that none had a right to give the sacraments except the Apostles, and, after them, bishops and priests ordained by them. The bishops thought it necessary to put a stop to such doctrines, and agreed to a declaration against the irregularity

of all baptism by persons not in holy orders; but yet allowing that, according to the practice of the primitive Church, and the constant usage of the Church of England, no baptism ought to be reiterated. Archbishop Sharpe [the friend of Samuel Wesley] refused to sign the declaration, pretending that it would encourage irregular baptisms. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with most of the bishops of his province, submitted the matter to the Convocation. It was agreed to in the Upper House, but the Lower House refused even to consider it, because it would encourage those who struck at the dignity of the priesthood. This was all that passed in the Convocation of 1712."—*Burnet's History of His Own Times*, 1st. edit. vol. ii. p. 605.

From this passage it seems that Archbishop Sharpe, Wesley's eminent friend, who had repeatedly succoured him with great generosity, and who stood by him throughout, had now become very High Church, although in former days he had been moderate, and although he was undoubtedly one of the most honourable and godly among the prelates of the Church. It is no wonder, accordingly, if one so greatly indebted to him as the Rector of Epworth, should have been High Church likewise.

Wesley had one great advantage over the High Church incumbents of to-day. Discipline in his time had not ceased to be a reality. The canons of the Church had not yet lost all their power. Canonical discipline might still, in certain cases, be enforced by the secular arm; the power of the ecclesiastical courts to compel penances had not altogether lapsed. Where the minister was resolved to carry out discipline in country parishes, his authority, enforced as it was by his supremacy in the vestry and at the parish board,—by the spiritual terrors of excommunication, and by the traditional submissiveness of the people,—was still, as respected a large proportion of his flock, sufficient to bear him through.

There were, however, some who were too wealthy or too powerful for the minister to deal with in the way of discipline. When he was at South Ormsby, for instance, in 1694–5, Mr. Wesley had to submit to the degradation of dining with the mistresses of the Marquis of Normanby, this being one of the privileges attached to the position which he held as chaplain to that nobleman. But then, as Mr. Tyerman * says, "the Marquis of Normanby was one of Wesley's warm-hearted friends; . . . he was well-acquainted with the poor, hard-working, literary parson, and was well

able to estimate his character and his merits:" moreover, the Marquis "sent Colonel Fitzgerald" to Archbishop Tillotson to propose Wesley "for a bishopric in Ireland," who accordingly named him to the Queen, although her Majesty, "according to her true judgment," as the Primate says, in a letter to the Bishop of Salisbury, "did by no means think fit." It was not to be expected, accordingly, that the incumbent of South Ormsby should attempt to present or to excommunicate his noble patron, the Marquis of Normanby. Dr. Clarke and Mr. Tyerman, with great probability, make Mr. Wesley to be the writer of the following passage, part of a question in the *Athenian Oracle*, which he edited for Dunton:—

"I am forced to see misses, drinking, gaming, &c., and dare not open my mouth against them, supposing from the little notice that is taken of me in matters of religion, and the great distance my patron keeps, that if I should pretend to blame anything of that nature, it would occasion nothing but the turning me out of the family. In the meantime, unless I do speak, and modestly remonstrate, I think I do not what becomes a minister of religion, and am afraid may another day be justly condemned as partaker in other men's sins."

One cannot help, in reading this, remembering how Wesley had been broken-in to habits of almost menial submission at Oxford. His noble father would never have consented to occupy such a position; and just as little would his faithful and courageous sons, a generation later. The answer given in the *Athenian Oracle*—both question and answer being probably from his own pen—is to the effect that the chaplain is free in the pulpit so to discourse of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, as to save his conscience. It is a relief after this to know that, when one of the marquis's mistresses went so far as to extend the honour of her acquaintance from the chaplain to his lady, Mr. Wesley found his complaisance fail him, and showed her visitor out of the house. Mr. Tyerman speaks of this conduct on the part of his hero as "his fidelity." We should rather describe it as his decent regard for his wife's character and position. It would have been something if *Sarah* Wesley, the daughter of Dr. Annesley, had been compelled to endure the familiarities of a strumpet. His (Wesley's) "fidelity," so Mr. Tyerman has it in his *Table of Contents*, "obliges him to leave South Ormsby." "The nobleman," says John Wesley, "resented the affront so outrageously as to

* P. 105.

make it necessary for my father to resign the living." The rectory of Epworth was in reserve for him; but there was not wanting some other *solatium* for him under this infliction. The marquis was, according to Dr. Johnson, an infidel of the school of Hobbes, and as loose in his morality as in his principles of religious belief. "His sentiments with respect to women he picked up in the court of Charles; and his principles concerning property were such as the gaming-table supplies." Nevertheless, for at least six years after his resignation of South Ormsby, Wesley retained his preferment as "Chaplain to the Most Honourable John, Lord Marquis of Normanby;" to the Marchioness he dedicated, in 1717, the second or third edition of his *History of the Old and New Testament*; and about the same time, the Marquis, to help his chaplain in his distresses, "with his own hand gave him twenty guineas," while the Marchioness repaid his dedication by a bounty of five. "All this," we have the satisfaction of learning, proves, to use Mr. Tyerman's words, "that, though his rupture with the Marquis's mistress rendered it expedient that he should remove from the parish in which he lived, he, for years afterwards, retained his office in the Marquis's family, and participated in the practical friendship of both him and the Marchioness his wife."

Such was the discretion with which Mr. Wesley conducted himself in relation to this highly flattering and not unprofitable connection with the Most Noble Marquis of Normanby. This passage in his history is pertinent to the point on which we were dwelling when we came in view of it—viz. the administration of church-discipline by Mr. Wesley in his parish at a time when church-discipline had not as yet quite gone out. It will also furnish a partial illustration of what the Rector meant in the following passage of a letter to his bishop, in which he explains the principles on which he had acted in regard to church-discipline. The date of what follows is 1732:—

"MR LORD, . . . I ever thought it my duty since I have been the minister of any parish to present those persons who were obnoxious in it, if the churchwardens neglected it unless where the criminal was so sturdy, and so wealthy, as that I was morally certain I could not do it, without my own great inconvenience or ruin, in which cases God does not require it of me."

The letter then proceeds to relate the case of some "sturdy" criminals, against whom the Rector had proceeded, in the ex-

pectation that they would be brought to submit, but who had as yet resisted, and who were sustained by the unfaithfulness of the churchwardens. This was the more trying, because the Rector had bargained that the charges in the Bishop's Court should be put as low as possible in another case, in the expectation that the payments in this case would make amends for the remission, the male offender being a substantial yeoman, worth 100*l.* a-year. This freeholder, the Rector expected, would "refuse public penance," but "he might be willing to commute," he says,—that is, to pay a fine instead. He knew that he would care nothing for "an excommunication;" but he says, "a *capias* carried to an outlawry, we believe, would make him bend."

The churchwardens, however, would not do their duty in regard to the presentment of a yeoman so substantial as Aaron Man, and when the Rector applied to the Chancellor of the diocese in regard to this and some other matters of the same description, the Chancellor seems to have been as little disposed to bestir himself as the churchwardens. The Rector was compelled finally to make his appeal to the Bishop, who gave him direction how he should proceed against his churchwardens. How the affair sped in the end, there are no letters extant to show.

When the criminals, however, were of an humble rank, the Rector seems to have been able to deal with them very effectually. In regard to a certain widower and widow, he says, to a diocesan official of the name of Terry, "I am desirous that their punishment should be as exemplary as their crime; and that both of them may perform their penance at three churches of the Isle; my own at Epworth, at Haxey, and at Belton." In regard to this case he finds occasion afterwards to write "to the Worshipful Mr. Chancellor Newell, at Lincoln" as follows:—

"Epworth, Feb. 15, 1731.

"SIR,—I received yours, together with the order of penance for Benjamin Becket and Elizabeth (then) Locker; and have got them both to perform it at Epworth and Haxey, on the days appointed; but the woman, being weakly, was so disordered by standing with her naked feet, that the women, and even a midwife, assured me that she would hazard her life if she went to perform it the third time at Belton in the same manner.

"I could, therefore, do no more than send the man thither at the day appointed, who performed it the third time, according to order, as is certified by myself, Mr. Hoole, Mr. Morrice,

and our church-wardens, on the instrument you sent us; which is ready to be returned at the visitation, or when you please. If you don't think it proper to remit the woman's doing penance the third time, which I entreat that you would, I shall, upon your order in a letter, oblige her to perform it to the full extent." — *TYRMAN'S Samuel Wesley*, p. 413.

If church-discipline was carried out thus practically at Epworth, in 1732, we may conceive what it was throughout the country three-quarters of a century earlier. We do not know whether the Revs. Messrs. Bennett and Perry, with their fellows, aspire to restore church discipline, after this pattern, as well as church-vestments after the order of mediæval ritual, to all the parishes of England.

The discipline enforced by the Rector was not lost on his sons in their education. They would have carried out canonical discipline in Georgia, if it had been possible. They, however, were more absolutely impartial in their discipline than their father thought it necessary to be.

In the Rector's letter to his curate (Mr. Hoole, jun.), afterwards published by his son John, he gives directions as to the exercise of discipline in the parish, "what we have left of it," as he says, adding, "as I think we have still more than we make use of." After saying that, with few exceptions, which he exactly specifies, cases, in fact, in which guilt, however probable, could not be certainly inferred, all others, whether "ante-nuptial or no nuptial" offenders, "or any of the same crew, neither have had, nor shall expect, from me any favour," he proceeds as follows:—

"You may perhaps sometimes catch the Dissenters napping this way, as well as those whom they call the men of the world; but I never made any distinction between them and others, having brought them to public penance, from whence they found they were not screened by the Toleration. As for the rest, the Dissenters will live inoffensively and friendly with you, if you will let them alone, and not humour them so far as to dispute with them, which I did at my first coming; for they always outfaced and outtongued me, and, at the end, we were just where we were at the beginning." — *JACKSON'S Life of Charles Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 532 (Appendix).

This letter was written when the Rector was drawing towards the end of his course. It is pleasing to find that his long and often painful experience had not been lost upon him. A tone of ecclesiastical moderation breathes throughout the whole. Its spirit

is not unbefitting the dignified High Churchman, who had been nurtured among Dissenters, and was descended from a line of distinguished Puritan ancestors, and who, although he had seen fit to become a Churchman and a Tory himself, had not forgotten the respect due to his godly parents and to the brave upholders of a great cause with whose memory theirs was associated.

The following passage will explain precisely the political position which as a moderate Tory and High Churchman Samuel Wesley occupied in his latest years. The date of the letter seems to have been about 1725, or a little earlier:—

"I do not think you will much trouble your parishioners with politics in the pulpit, or out of it either: I believe you will be all much of a mind as to those matters. Yet you will not forget the 5th of November, whereon we perpetuate the memory of God's signal mercies to us and to our forefathers, on a double account, in delivering us from Popery and arbitrary power; and I cannot but wonder that any one who are willing to remember the former, should not be thankful for the latter: the 30th of January, which I can hardly think will be repealed while we have a king in England; or the 29th of May, without which we should have had no king at all: all which I think are established by Acts of Parliament, and this last to be read publicly in the church every year the Sunday before, as in the rubric: or the 1st of August, the day of His Majesty's happy accession to the throne of these kingdoms, which for that reason is, you know, likewise to be kept holy. By this you will keep up in your people's minds a just abhorrence of all Popish, fanatical, and disloyal principles and practices; especially if you preach, as I would have you do, a sermon on all those four days, every year, proper to the occasion. As to party disputes, you shall not say I have attempted to bias you one way or another: the less you meddle with them, I think, the better. *Expecto crede!* Yet you will never forget that you are an Englishman and a Christian." — *Ibid.* pp. 527, 528.

There can be no doubt that Samuel Wesley's High Churchmanship was always much more political and ecclesiastical than doctrinal. There was but a comparatively slight sacramentarian element in his theology. In fact, his mind had been too early and too deeply imbued with the ideas of genuine evangelical doctrine for him soon or easily to adopt the views of the high patristic or ritualising school. If he refers to Laud in his Letter with approval, as a writer on a certain point, he refers also in terms of high commendation to Chillingworth; if

he admires Hammond, he also admires and recommends Baxter. His doctrine as to "baptismal regeneration" is of the mildest High Church type. He teaches that in baptism "a principle of grace is infused," whatever that may mean; that "federal holiness" is imputed to the baptized child, and that the child is ceremonially and symbolically rehabilitated, through the redemption of Christ, in the privileges which were lost by the Fall. He regarded the Lord's Supper as the "Sacrament, wherein we renew our covenant with God, and receive new strength to obey His commands," and as appointed to be "a remedy for those who sin after baptism;" but there appears to be no trace in his teaching of any doctrine of the Real Presence, resembling that learnt by Dr. Pusey, as he says, from Andrewes and from Bramhall, while against transubstantiation his sentence is clear and full. He published his *Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared*, together with *A Short Discourse of Baptism*, in one small volume, in 1700. His son John republished his father's *Short Discourse*, slightly abridged, in 1756, without, however, stating that it was not his own but his father's. In his sermon on the New Birth he expresses views respecting baptism substantially identical with those which had been taught by his father. At Oxford, however, there can be no doubt that the brothers Wesley had held very high doctrines as to sacramental efficacy. How far the process of retrogression from their advanced views was carried by John Wesley during his long career, we seem to have no means of knowing. He has left no explicit exposition on the subject of the Lord's Supper. And, as to baptism, his language in the sermon to which we have referred, is clearly not that of a teacher who is wishing to insist upon his own views respecting baptism, but of one who, finding his church's doctrine on the subject used by way of objection to his evangelical teaching, whilst he cannot deny the doctrine, desires to parry its application as against his own preaching of the need of repentance and the new birth. Happily, as we think, for Wesleyan Methodism, John Wesley made precise doctrine on the sacraments no part of his special theology, and insisted on no Shibboleth, respecting these points, from his preachers. During his lifetime his preachers did not generally either baptize or administer the Lord's Supper, although not a few of them claimed the right so to do, even without ordination, and Wesley was constrained to admit that he could not answer their argu-

ments. It is certain, from this very fact, that, unlike his brother Charles, he had quite given up, not only the Divine right of episcopacy, which Lord King's book had obliged him to give up comparatively early, but all priestly superstitions in regard to the sacraments, and especially to the consecration of the elements. But, whatever his views were, at the same time that he continued to restrain from the administration of the sacraments, all but the few of his preachers whom he had himself thereto ordained, he also prudently forbore from attempting any formal determination of difficult or doubtful points respecting the sacraments. Among his preachers it is certain that there were some whose principles on church-government, and whose views as to the sacraments, agreed substantially with those of the evangelical Dissenters of the former part of the last century, whilst there can be little doubt that there were others whose sacramental views approached to the standard of High Churchmen. In this, as in other respects, Methodism, aiming almost solely at the practical result of conversion and the progressive work of sanctification through the truth and the Spirit, admitted great latitude in the views of its adherents, within the general limits of Christian fellowship and life. And, although post-Wesley Methodism, holding, as it has done since 1795-7, the full status of a church, with its own sacraments administered by its own clergy, ought, undoubtedly, in order to its completeness, to have some settled standard of doctrine on these points as well as on others fundamental to evangelical theology, we may yet be allowed to think that it is exceedingly well for it that as yet no attempt has been made to come to a more explicit determination in regard to them than is to be found in the definitions of the *Conference Catechism*, taken as these are, in substance, from the Catechism of the Church of England. There are still wide varieties of views respecting them to be found among its ministers and people. The views of many are more or less defective, as we think, in spirituality and reverence, while others are perhaps in some danger of not distinguishing between reverent spirituality and superstitious observance. On the whole, however, views and usages are gradually converging towards a certain sufficiently defined latitude of agreement in doctrine and feeling; and it may be found practicable, within no very distant period, for some Methodist divine to publish a volume on the subject of the

sacraments which, whilst thorough in its treatment, may be assumed to represent the general theology of his brethren.

It must be borne in mind that Samuel Wesley, senior, took into the Church of England the principles of evangelical faith in which he had been grounded by his parents, whereas his sons, brought up amidst associations which were strongly imbued with High Church doctrine, went to Oxford prepared, during their long residence there, to grow into complete High Churchmen. The germs of sacramental superstition which the Rector of Epworth combined with his theology seem almost like intrusions from another system into the general body of his doctrine. Whereas these germs, being early planted in the minds of his sons, being counteracted by no distinctly evangelical influences during their school and college life, and being fostered and forced in the soil and atmosphere of Oxford, naturally developed into fully-formed sacramentarianism. It must be remembered, besides, that the Rector's theology, so far as it was evangelical, was not very explicitly or experimentally set out in his preaching, and especially that it found no expression and enforcement in anything like church-meetings and brotherly fellowship. When the Rector undertook the defence of Sacheverell, his son John was seven years old, and his son Samuel was just about to proceed to Oxford. The following seven or eight years of the Rector's life were perhaps those in which his Low Church principles, never perhaps quite powerless or forgotten, were most completely in abeyance. By the end of that period John Wesley was almost ready for Oxford. So that, during the most susceptible and formative period of the life of his sons, the home influences were altogether unfriendly to moderation in Church matters. And, as John and Charles grew up, the influence of their brother, then at Westminster School, the friend of Atterbury and the laureate of his patron, the Earl of Oxford, a Tory wit and lampooner of more than ordinary smartness, combined with the traditions of the rectory to give a most powerful bias to their minds in favour of the High school both in Church and State. The calm temper and searching intelligence of John kept him at all times from absurd extremes of opinion; and uncharitable excesses of party spirit. Not the less even John, with such a nurture and training, could hardly have been anything but a High Churchman and a Tory at the beginning of his course. When we add to all

the other circumstances which we have noted, the fact that the noble-minded and accomplished mother of the Wesleys was, throughout, with purest consistency and in the loftiest spirit a Jacobite Churchwoman, we have a comprehensive view of the forces which went to determine the Church bias of the Wesley brothers.

All the best points in the Rector's character ripened with his years; all his harsher points were mellowed. We differ from Mr. Tyerman's opinion, that in 1694 or 1695, when his patron, the Marquis of Normanby, proposed his name to the Primate for an Irish bishopric, he would have filled the appointment gracefully or with due dignity. But when we read his letter to his curate, thirty years later, we cannot but feel that few bishops of his day could have been found to equal him either in vigorous sense, in thorough Christian earnestness, in the command of a vivid, nervous, masculine, English style, or in all the learning proper to an English divine. Mr. Tyerman has merely given an outline of the contents of this letter. Mr. Jackson's admirable *Life of Charles Wesley* is, we have reason to believe, and we have great regret in saying so, far less generally known even to the ordinary readers of this Journal, than a standard work of such interest and value ought to be. We shall, therefore, enrich our pages by some extracts from this letter, which will be welcomed by our readers because of their intrinsic interest, and which will also convey a truer impression than any writing of ours could of the superior intellect and the thorough culture, as well as of the excellent common sense, of the father of the Wesleys.

The extracts first to be given are taken from a remarkable review of theological literature, from the patristic age down to his own times, which gives a fair idea of the vast reading of the Rector.

"We are now got into day-break again, and stepping down to the Reformation. I am far from so much as pretending to be accurate, yet shall point you to some authors, which I have either read or looked into, and which have made the deepest impression on my memory, and shall mention both sides, as they occur to me. Our nearest concern is doubtless with our own country. I do not expect to see any solid reason why any national church should not have power to reform itself, on the plan of the Scriptures and the primitive churches; I think we did so, and that it has been abundantly proved against our adversaries. The steps which were taken herein seem to be pretty impartially marked out by Dr. Burnet, with vast

application, ingenuity, and labour, notwithstanding any personal weaknesses, or all the objections which have been made against his work. I have not read much of Luther; Melancthon seems ingenious, polite, and well-natured; Calvin is very well worth reading with caution; Bucer, pious, learned, and moderate; Bellarmine has all the strength of the Romanists; our Fisher was a great man; and Stephen Gardiner far from being inconsiderable. The *Homilies* should be often and carefully read. Erasmus is useful and pleasant; Jewel's *Apology*, neat and strong; Cranmer, pious and learned: but Ridley for me, as to what I have seen of him, for clearness, closeness, strength, and learning, among all the Reformers. Hooker every one knows, and his strength and firmness can hardly be too much commended; nor is there any great danger of his being solidly answered.

"In King Charles the First's time, Laud against Fisher is esteemed unanswerable; and so is Chillingworth against the Papists, who is owned by all to have had a very strong head, and to have been one of the best disputants in the world: though that got neither of them any better quarter from the Goths and Vandals of that age. I know not whether Forbes, the Scotchman, wrote in that age, but he was a great divine: Grotius flourished, I think, rather before, who is the prince of the commentators, and worth all the rest; but should be perused with caution, for he seems not always consistent with himself: and Father Petau limps of the same side.

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"The critics are worth a king's ransom; but you have most of them in Pool's *Synopsis*, and something more; which book will therefore supply the want of many others to a country clergyman. Episcopius and Limborch have sense, strength, and clearness; but you know which way they lean: Spanheim is a noble critic: Huetius's *Demonstratio Evangelica*, exceeding useful and learned: Messieurs De Port Royal and Mr. Pascal, worthy their character; he has indeed, most surprising thoughts, and it is enough to melt a mountain of ice to read him. I should wish Monsieur de Renty were in more hands, were everybody able to sift the superstition from the devotion. The *Reliquie Carolines*, if they were all genuine, as I doubt not but the *Eikon* is, would be highly worth reading; as are the excellent works of *The Whole Duty of Man*, whereof Archbishop Sharp thought Dr. Stern was the author.

"I may not perhaps have been exact as to the time when some of these great men flourished; but about the close of that period, and during the reign of King Charles II., we had many glorious lights in the Church of God, some of whom I shall mention. In the first rank stood Bishop Wilkins, who may be almost said to have taught us first to preach; as his kinsman, Archbishop Tillotson, to have brought the art of preaching near perfection; had there

been as much life as there is of politeness, and generally of cool, clear, close reasoning, and convincing argument in his sermons: though I have heard Stillingfleet account the more universal scholar, if not the longer and the stronger head; and perhaps few but Grotius have equalled him, especially in his *Origines Sacre*; though I think there are some errors in them: and yet Archbishop Sharp had that natural and easy vigour of thought, expression, and pronunciation, that it is a moot case whether he were not a more popular pulpit-orator than either of the former. Bishop Pearson all the world allows to have been of almost inimitable sense, piety, and learning; his critique on Ignatius, and his tract on the Creed, must last as long as time, and ought to be in every clergyman's study in England, though he could purchase nothing but the Bible and Common Prayer-Book besides them. Bishop Bull comes next for their subject and way of thinking and arguing: a strong and nervous writer, whose discourses and directions to his clergy can scarce be too often read. Bishop Beveridge's *Sermons* are a library; writ in the most natural, moving, unaffected style, especially the introductions, which seem generally to be thoroughly wrought. They are perhaps as like those of the Apo-tolical ages as any between them and us; and I know not whether one would not as soon wish to preach like him, as like any since the Apostles; because I cannot tell whether any one has done more good by his *Sermons*. Bishop Spratt was a polite and clean writer, and one of the first masters of the English language; but he has left little in divinity; though what he has is equal to his character, and his charge to his clergy is admirable. Bishop Burnet, though not a native, and some few Scotticisms may be tracked in most of his works, as there were more in his pronunciation; yet is reckoned a masterly writer in the English language: he had a prodigious genius; a memory that would retain everything; a body that would go through or bear anything: for he told me himself, that in some part of his life, when his circumstances were but low, he lived upon three-halfpence a day for a considerable time, in order to retrieve them: had in preaching, and conversation too, a torrent of eloquence, like one of the branches of *Ætna* when it rolls into the sea; but it neither flowed so smooth nor so clear as Bishop Ken's; whom few could hear, as I have been informed, any more than it is easy now to read him, with dry eyes; though I believe he has left but little behind him.

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"I must not forget the learned and laborious Whitby, though I think he had been happier if he had died some years sooner, and especially before he had brought his little squirt to quench the biggest part of hell fire, or to diminish the honour of his Lord and Master, — but I forget that I am growing old myself; and that, while he

appeared to be orthodox, I was not worthy to carry his books after him. Mr. Le Clerc has more wit than learning, though he seems to think he has more of both than he really has; and yet I doubt has less faith than either. I am afraid he copies after Bayle; but never reached him in his sense, nor, I hope, quite in his infidelity. I wish he had never writ anything worse than his *Harmony on the Gospels*; though I doubt there is some poison in it.

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"Nor must my old friends (and I think yours) the Dissenters be entirely forgot. Some of Mr. Baxter's works are useful as well as pious: his *Christian Directory*, though voluminous, has many cases in it; and he could not but have much experience in those matters. His *Saints' Rest*, and *Family Book*, and *Cull to the Unconverted*, I believe, may have done good, notwithstanding some nostrums in them. I wish I had his *Gildas Salvianus* again: *Directions to the Clergy for the Management of their People*, which I lost when my house was last burnt, among all the rest. He had a strange pathos and fire in his practical writings, but more in his preaching; and, as I remember, spoke well. Dr. Annesley was not only of great piety and generosity, but of very good learning, especially among the schoolmen and commentators; notwithstanding Mr. Wood's unjust reflections upon him. In these collections of *Morning Lectures*, you will find the cream of the Dissenter's sermons. Charnock, though too diffuse and lax, after their way, and dying young, had much learning, and has very good stuff in him. Howe is close, strong, and metaphysical. Alsop, merry, and, as it were, witty. Bates, polite, and had a good taste of the *Belles-lettres*: being well read in the Latin, English, and Italian poets, and personally and intimately acquainted with Mr. Cowley, as he told me at the last visit I made him at Hackney, after I was (as I remember) come over to the Church of England. Williams was orthodox, had good sense, and especially that of getting money; he was the head of the Presbyterians in his time, and not frowned on by the Government. He has writ well against the Antinomians; and, as I have heard, hindered Pierce, the Arian, from burrowing in London, I think, as long as he lived. Calamy, as I heard, has succeeded his brother doctor in some things; I wish he had in his best. His style is not amiss, but I think I have proved he is not a fair writer. Bradbury is fire and feather; Burgess had more sense than he thought it proper to make use of; Taylor, a man of sense; Shower, polite; Cruso, unhappy; Owen is valued amongst them, for some skill in antiquity; the elder (Dr.) Owen was a gentleman and a scholar; the younger Henry is commended for his laborious work on the Old Testament. Clarkson (Dr. Tillotson's tutor) had more of the Fathers than all of them; though Dr. Maurice overmatched him, and had, besides, the better cause. Gale's *Court of the*

Gentiles is admired by them, and has some useful collections in it. Tombs and Stennet have all for the Anabaptists; as Wall enough against them; and Robert Barclay more than all the Quakers have to say for themselves." — Jackson's *Charles Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 519-524.

What follows is a specimen of the racy wisdom with which the Rector often wrote:—

"One thing or two more I think proper to add on this head, of sober conversation. The first, that if the parish business should happen to call you to a public-house, as it sometimes may, though the more you avoid it whenever you can handsomely, I am sure the better; you will, I hope, be strictly careful not to stay long there, but to be exactly temperate; because I know you will have strong solicitations to the contrary, in both instances, from those who will be the first to ridicule and reproach you, if they can but so much as once prevail against you. The second is, that there is need of the same caution, and for the same reason, when you make a visit, or are invited, to private houses, unless it be amongst the poor, where there is little danger. The like caution can do you no harm when you are in gentlemen's houses round about you; for you can hardly miss having observed, that temperance is not the reigning virtue of the north (any more than, I am afraid, it is of the south) of England. For these and the like reasons, you will likewise keep as clear as possibly you can from receiving, or at least desiring, any considerable personal obligations; for all men are not generous, and you may hear of them again, not at all to your satisfaction, a great while after.

"I do not yet know how to leave this subject, because it is of the last concern to you and me, and the success of our ministry does almost entirely depend upon it. I hardly know whether is the more fatal error in a clergyman, cauponising the Word of God, and smoothing over virtues and vices; or incurring the imminent danger of damning ourselves on the pretence of hope, through any criminal compliance, to save others by staying too long, and thereby running too often with them into the same excess of riot. O fly the siren Pleasure! and the sweeter she sings, stop your ears the closer against her; though one would think she does not sing very sweetly here; or, however, that the charms of ale and mandungus, the top of a country parish, are not exceedingly preferable to those of temperance and innocence. To be plain, what I am most afraid of is, the goodness of your temper; and if you cannot learn to say no, and to run away a little before you think there is any need of it, you will follow the worst steps of some that have been before you, and will be in a fair way to ruin. As on the other side, if you turn your eyes to your brother, you will have a living homily to direct you; for I verily think he has not once drunk one glass more

than he ought since he came into the country; and, if you can, find, or at least make, another like him.

"I own your worthy predecessor, Mr. —, who had served this cure about twenty years, when I consulted him of the best way to gain my parishioners, advised me to a well-managed familiarity with them: this I endeavoured, but missed it; you may be happier, and hit it: but then you must have a care of every step, and will need almost the wisdom of an angel of God; all intellect, no passion, no appetite, or none at least but what you have under the exactest regimen; which you will ask of Him who is alone able to give it. Steer clear! beware of men! conquer yourself, and you conquer all the world! Moroseness and too much compliance are both dangerous; but the latter I repent more than the former. I look upon it to have been very well becoming the wisdom of Pericles, that he would so rarely be present at feasts and public entertainments, and stay so little a while at them; since without this precaution, as Plutarch well observes in his Life, it had been next to impossible for him to have preserved the dignity of his character, and that high veneration which he had acquired among the people. For the merry Greeks were generally wags, and great gibbers, especially in their wine, to which that may very properly be applied, *Quos inquit, aequat*, as well as to any other vice or wickedness. And he thought it more eligible of the two, to be accounted proud, than to be really despicable.

"And yet I must own, the more conversant you are with the middle and meaner sort, which are everywhere by far the greater number, you are likely to do much the more good among them. But this would be the most effectually done by a regular visiting of your whole parish from house to house, with the fore-mentioned cautions, as Ignatius advises Polycarp; and that even the men and maid servants. For a good shepherd 'knows his sheep by name,' which is the way for them to follow him." — *Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 504 — 506.

The man who wrote this letter seems to be a very different person from the smart and not very nice or decorous scribbler who published *Maggots*; from the fulsome eulogist of *Great James*; from the bustling, plodding, needy, literary hack who edited the *Athenian Oracle*; from the mutable loyalist politician, who reflected, reign after reign, the opinions of the powers that were; from the pushing Convocation man, — now Low Church and then High Church; — from the pamphleteer who, after flattering James, defended the Revolution and William's right, and wound up by writing the defence of Sacheverell; from the ex-Dissenter, the son of Dissenting confessors and worthies, who maintained a too bitter and an unseemly controversy against his early

friends and benefactors. The spirit of a noble and modest, a temperate and charitable, man, breathes through the letter; the treasures of a richly stored, a wise and learned divine, are poured forth without stay or stint; the maxims and reflections of a man of action as of study, a man of experience as well as of culture and force, thickly stud its pages. We learn that the ambitious orphan boy, who had been left, without a guide, to slave and fight his way through life, has not in vain suffered and struggled on through forty years. He is now a wise, good man, at peace with all men, and respected by those who cannot but differ from him. In 1705 Wesley's name would have maddened a meeting of Dissenters or of Lincolnshire Whigs. In 1732 his parishioners all round would say, "God bless him;" and in London, Whig poets and politicians joined with Tories in seeking patronage for his folio on Job.

It is in his letters to his sons, however, especially in regard to their college life, that the character of the Rector of Epworth appears to the greatest advantage. What can be better than the following, written to his son John, in January 1725, in regard to "entering into holy orders"? In this letter the godly heaven of his Puritan parentage comes favourably into view, although here, as everywhere else in the Rector's communications, the respect for material interests and the means of livelihood, which a life of battling with poverty had impressed upon him, is very evident.

"As to what you mention of entering into holy orders, it is indeed a great work. I am pleased to find you think it so — as well as that you don't admire a callow clergyman any more than I do. As to the motives you take notice of, it is no harm to desire getting into that office, even with Eli's sons, 'to get a piece of bread;' for 'the labourer is worthy of his hire;' though a desire and intention to lead a stricter life, and a belief one should do so, is a better reason. But this should by all means be begun before, or else, ten to one, it will deceive us afterwards. If a man be unwilling and undesirous to enter into orders, it is easy to guess whether he can say, with common honesty, that he believes he is moved by the Holy Spirit to do it. But the principal spring and motive, to which all the former should be secondary, must certainly be the glory of God, the service of His Church, with the edification of our neighbour; and woe to him who, with any meaner leading view, attempts so sacred a work; for which he should take all the care he possibly can, with the advice of wiser and elder men, especially imploring, with all humility, sincerity, and intention of mind, with fasting

and prayer, the direction and assistance of Almighty God and His Holy Spirit, to qualify and prepare himself for it." — TYERMAN'S *Wesley of Epworth*, p. 391.

At the close of the same letter, written with a shaking and palsied hand, he adds, in touching words: —

"Work and write while you can. You see Time has shaken me by the hand, and Death is but a little behind him. My eyes and heart are now almost all I have left, and I bless God for them." — *Ibid.*, p. 392.

A month after this letter, Mrs. Wesley wrote to her son, saying that in her judgment, herein differing from her husband, the sooner he entered into orders the better. "It is an unhappiness peculiar to our family," she says, "that your father and I seldom think alike." Mr. Wesley thought John needed a preparation of critical study; Mrs. Wesley, that "practical divinity was the best study for candidates for orders." Mrs. Wesley's judgment seems so far to have influenced her husband, that in the beginning of March he wrote to his son the following brief, vivid, and loving, note: —

"Wroot, March 13, 1724-5.

"DEAR SON, — I have both yours; and I have changed my mind since my last. I now incline to your going this summer into orders, and would have you turn your thoughts and studies that way. But, in the first place, if you love yourself, or me, pray heartily. I will struggle hard, but I will get money for your orders, and something more. Mr. Downes has spoken to Dr. Morley about you, who says he will inquire of your character.

" 'Trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed.'

"This with blessing, from your loving father,
"SAMUEL WESLEY."
— *Ibid.* p. 393.

The following is a right good letter: —

"Wroot, July 14, 1725.

"DEAR SON, — It is not for want of affection that I am some letters in your debt; but because I could not yet answer them, so as to satisfy myself or you; though I hope still to do it in a few weeks.

"As for Thomas à Kempis, all the world are apt to strain for one or the other. And it is no wonder if contemplative men, especially when wrapt in a cowl, and the darkness of the sceptical divinity, and near akin, if I mistake not, to the obscure ages, when they observed the bulk of the world so mad for sensual pleasures, should run into the contrary extreme, and attempt to persuade us to have no senses at all,

or that God made them to very little purpose. But for all that, mortification is still an indispensable Christian duty. The world is a siren, and we must have a care of her. And if the young man will 'rejoice in his youth,' yet it would not be amiss for him to take care that his joys be moderate and innocent; and, in order to this, sadly to remember 'that for all these things God will bring him to judgment.' I have only this to add of my friend and old companion, that, making a pretty many grains of allowance, he may be read to great advantage, and that, notwithstanding all his superstition and enthusiasm, it is almost impossible to peruse him seriously, without admiring and, I think, in some measure imitating his heroic strains of humility, and piety, and devotion. But I reckon, you have before this received your mother's, who has leisure to write, and can do so without pain, which I cannot.

"I will write to the Bishop of Lincoln again. You shall not want a black coat as soon as I have any white.

"You may transcribe any part of my letter to Mr. Hoole, but not the whole, for your own private use; neither lend it; but any friend may read it in your chamber. Master St. Chrysostom, and the *Articles*, and the *Form of Ordination*. Bear up stoutly against the world, &c. Keep a good, an honest, and a pious heart. Pray hard, and watch hard; and I am persuaded your quarantine is almost at an end, and all shall be well: however, nothing shall be wanting to make it so, that is in the power of your loving father,

"SAMUEL WESLEY."

— *Ibid.* pp. 393, 394.

The touching tenderness and beauty of the letters following can hardly be exceeded: —

"Bawtry, Sept. 1, 1725.

"DEAR SON, — I came hither to-day, because I cannot be at rest, till I make you easier. I could not possibly manufacture any money for you here, sooner than next Saturday. On Monday I design to wait on Dr. Morley, and will try to prevail with your brother to return you *£l.*, with interest. I will assist you in the charges for ordination, though I am myself just now struggling for life. This *£l.* you may depend on the next week, or the week after.

"I like your way of thinking and arguing; and yet must say, I am a little afraid on it. He that believes and yet argues against reason, is half a Papist, or enthusiast. He that would make Revelation bend to his own shallow reason is either half a Deist or a heretic! O my dear! steer clear between this Scylla and Charybdis. God will bless you; and you shall ever be beloved, as you will ever be a comfort to, your affectionate father,

"SAMUEL WESLEY.

"P. S. — If you have any scruples about any part of Revelation, or the Articles of the

Church of England, which I think exactly agreeable to it, I can answer them."

"Gainsborough, Sept. 7, 1725.

"DEAR SON JOHN, — With much ado you see I am for once as good as my word. Carry Dr. Morley's note to the Barsar. I hope to send you more, and believe by the same hand. God fit you for your great work! Fast — watch — pray — believe — love — endure — be happy. Towards which you shall never want the ardent prayers of, your affectionate father,

"SAMUEL WESLEY."

— *Ibid.* pp. 395, 396.

We cannot refrain from adding to the foregoing the two following, written the year after: —

"Wroot, March 21, 1726.

"DEAR MR. FELLOW ELECT OF LINCOLN, — I have done more than I could for you. On your waiting on Dr. Morley with this he will pay you 12*l.* You are inexpressibly obliged to that generous man. We are all as well as can be expected.

"Your loving father, SAMUEL WESLEY."

"Wroot, April 1, 1726.

"DEAR SON JOHN, — I had both yours since the election. In both you express yourself as becomes you for what I had willingly, though with much greater difficulty than you imagine, done for you; for the last 12*l.* pinched me so hard, that I am forced to beg time of your brother Sam, till after harvest, to pay the 10*l.* that you say he lent you. Nor shall I have so much as that (perhaps not 5*l.*), to keep my family till after harvest; and I do not expect that I shall be able to do any thing for Charles when he goes to the University. What will be my own fate, God knows, before this summer be over. *Sed passi Graviora*. Wherever I am, my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln!

"Yet all this, and perhaps worse than you know, has not made me forget you; for I wrote to Dr. King, desiring leave for you to come one, two, or three months into the country, where you should be gladly welcome.

"As for advice, keep your best friend fast; and, next to him, Dr. Morley; and have a care of your other friends, especially the younger. All at present from your loving father,

"SAMUEL WESLEY."

— *Ibid.* pp. 398, 399.

The following characteristic note is addressed conjointly to John and Charles at Oxford, and is dated July, 1727: —

"Wroot, July 5, 1727.

"DEAR CHILDREN, — The reason why I was willing to delay my son John's coming was his pupil; but that is over. Another reason was that I knew he could not get between
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Wroot and Epworth without hazarding his health or life; whereas my hide is tough, and I think no carrion can kill me. I walked sixteen miles yesterday, and this morning, I thank God, I was not a penny worse. The occasion of this booted walk was to hire a room for myself at Epworth, which I think I have now achieved."

(After this follows his proposal that Charles should come to Lincolnshire by the carrier. He then proceeds: —)

"You will find your mother much altered. I believe what will kill a cat has almost killed her. I have observed of late little convulsions in her very frequently, which I don't like.

"God bless and guide, and send you both a speedy and a happy meeting with, your loving father,

"SAMUEL WESLEY."

— *Ibid.* pp. 402, 403.*

A fortnight later he wrote to John as follows: —

"Wroot, July 18, 1727.

"DEAR SON JOHN, — We received last post your compliments of condolence and congratulation to your mother on the supposition of her near approaching demise; to which your sister Patty will by no means subscribe, for she says she is not so good a philosopher as you are, and that she cannot spare her mother yet, if it please God, without great inconvenience.

"And indeed, though she has now and then some very sick fits, yet I hope the sight of you will revive her. However, when you come you will see a new face of things, my family being now pretty well colonised, and all perfect harmony; much happier, in no small straits, than perhaps we ever were before in our greatest affluence; and you will find a servant that will make us rich, if God gives us anything to work upon. I know not but that it may be this prospect, together with my easiness in my family, which keeps my spirits from sinking, though they tell me I have lost some of my tallo between Wroot and Epworth; but that I don't value, as long as I have strength left to perform my office.

"SAMUEL WESLEY."

— *Ibid.* p. 403.

Mr. Wesley had a scheme for the publication, as Mr. Tyerman expresses it, "of a polyglott Bible, on a wide basis." In regard to this he wrote the following interesting letter to his son John: —

"January 26, 1726.

"DEAR SON, — The providence of God has engaged me in a work, wherein you may be very assistant to me, promote the glory of God,

* The Rector was at this time living at the Wroot parsonage, Wroot parish being conjoined with Epworth under his care.

and, at the same time, notably forward your own studies.

"I have sometimes since designed an edition of the Holy Bible in octavo, in the Hebrew, Chaldee, Septuagint, and Vulgate; and have made some progress in it. I have not time at present to give you the whole scheme, of which scarce any soul knows except your brother Sam.

"What I desire of you is, first, that you would immediately fall to work, and read diligently the Hebrew text in the Polyglott, and collate it exactly with the Vulgate, writing all, even the least, variations or differences between them.

"Second, To these I would have you add the Samaritan text, which is the very same with the Hebrew, except in some very few places, differing only in the Samaritan character, which I think is the true old Hebrew.

"You may learn the Samaritan alphabet in a day, either from the Prolegomena in Walton's *Polyglott* or from his grammar. In a twelve-month's time, sticking close to it in the forenoons, you will get twice through the Pentateuch; for I have done it four times the last year, and am going over it the fifth, and also collating the two Greek versions, the Alexandrian and the Vatican, with what I can get of Symmachus and Theodotion, &c. You shall not lose your reward, either in this or the other world. Nor are your brothers like to be idle; but I would have nothing said of it to anybody, though your brother Sam shall write to you shortly about it." — *Ibid.* pp. 397, 398.

It was in August 1730 that the Wesleys, with their friend Morgan, began to visit the gaols at Oxford. In regard to this matter they wrote to their father. The following is a part of his answer. Though it has been printed several times before, it cannot be omitted here:—

"And now, as to your own designs and employments, what can I say less of them than *valde probo*: and that I have the highest reason to bless God that He has given me two sons together at Oxford, to whom He has given grace and courage to turn the war against the world and the devil, which is the best way to conquer them. They have but one enemy to combat with, the flesh; which, if they take care to subdue, by fasting and prayer, there will be no more for them to do but to proceed steadily in the same course, and expect the crown which fadeth not away. You have reason to bless God, as I do, that you have so fast a friend as Mr. M. [Morgan], who, I see, in the most difficult service, is ready to break the ice for you. You do not know of how much good that poor wretch who killed his wife has been the providential occasion. I think I must adopt Mr. M. to be my son, together with you and your brother Charles; and when I have such a ternion to prosecute that war, wherein I

am now *miles emeritus*, I shall not be afraid when they speak with their enemies in the gate.

"I am afraid lest the main objection you make against going on in the business with the prisoners, may secretly proceed from flesh and blood. Go on, then, in God's name, in the path to which your Saviour has directed you, and that track wherein your father has gone before you! For when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, I visited those in the castle there, and reflect on it with great satisfaction to this day. Walk as prudently as you can, though not fearfully, and my heart and prayers are with you." — *Ibid.* pp. 406, 407.

Thirty years before this Mr. Wesley had defended Christian societies which organised weekly meetings for private religious fellowship in the Church of England, such as came to be extensively known as Dr. Woodward's Societies, and had published a letter on the subject. "*A Letter concerning the Religious Societies*," says Mr. Tyerman, was "published by Samuel Wesley in 1699. After giving a description of the societies, Mr. Wesley proceeds to argue that so far from being any injury to the Church of England, they would greatly promote its interests. He expresses a wish that such societies might be formed in all considerable towns, and even in populous villages. He writes: 'There are a great many parishes in this kingdom which consist of several thousands of souls. Now, what one man, two, or three, is sufficient for such a multitude? Those who have but one or two thousand will find their cares heavy enough, especially now they have neither the catechists of the ancients to assist them, nor those clerks which are mentioned in the Rubric.' He then goes on to state, that, in such cases, the religious societies would be of immense service. Acting under the authority and direction of the clergy, 'they would be as so many churchwardens, or overseers, or almost deacons under them; caring for the sick and poor, giving an account of the spiritual estate of themselves and others, persuading parents to catechise their children and to fit them for confirmation, and discoursing with those who have left the church to bring them back to it. This assistance would conduce as much to the health of the minister's body, by easing him of many a weary step and fruitless journey, as it would conduce to the satisfaction of his mind, in the visible success of his labours. Such societies, so far from injuring the Church, would be so many new bulwarks against its enemies, and would give it daily more strength, and beauty, and reputation.'

"He then proceeds to show that the institution of such societies was not a novelty; that the Church of Rome was indebted for most of the progress that it had made in recent times to the several societies it had nourished in its bosom; and that the Marquis de Renty in France had formed, as early as 1640, many societies of devout persons, who, in their weekly meetings, consulted about the relief of the poor, engaged in united prayer, sang psalms, read books of devotion, and discoursed together of their own spiritual concerns.

"Wesley then argues that such societies are really necessary, on the ground, that, without them, the members of the Church have no opportunity for that 'delightful employment of all good Christians,' pious conversation. He concludes thus:— 'The design of these churches is not to gather churches out of churches, to foment new schisms and divisions, and to make heathens of all the rest of their Christian brethren; but to promote in a regular manner, that which is the end of every Christian — the glory of God, included in the welfare and salvation of themselves and their neighbours. It cannot be denied that there may and will be some persons in these societies of more heat than light, of more zeal than judgment; but where was ever any body of men without some such characters? But since the very rules of their institution do strictly oblige them to the practice of humility and charity, and to avoid censoriousness and spiritual pride — the common rocks of those who make a more than ordinary profession of religion — I see not what human prudence can provide any farther in this matter.'"

The old Puritan blood in the Rector of Epworth had not lost all its energy; and Methodism received some of its impulse from the father of the Wesleys. For there can be no doubt, that in these societies are to be found the original of the Methodist societies, first at Oxford and afterwards elsewhere.

How the Rector of Epworth rejoiced in the bold and singular position taken by his sons at Oxford is well known, and with what triumph he learned that they had to endure the reproach of Christ, as the fathers of the Godly Club. "I, then," he wrote, "must be its grandfather."

Let it here be added, that in his Missionary spirit and conception, he was worthy to be the father of the Wesleys. When a young man, between thirty and forty years of age, he had formed an imposing plan of missions to India, China, and Abyssinia,

and was himself desirous to be devoted to the work; and in the last year of his life he lamented that he was not young enough to go with Oglethorpe as a missionary to Georgia.

In regard to the education of his children, it would seem (as Mr. Tyerman says) that Mr. Wesley has not had due credit given him. His letters to his sons — not only at college, but at school — appear to be all that a father's letters ought to be. They imply that he had acted both as friend and teacher to his boys. Indeed, although his son Samuel seems to have had a brutal schoolmaster to teach him the rudiments of Latin and Greek, the general rule of the rectory appears, from all accounts and letters extant, to have been home instruction; and it can hardly be doubted that, when the Rector was not absent at Convocation, he taught his sons himself the rudiments of the classics. Their English training and their earliest tuition was undoubtedly given by their incomparable mother. The following quotations from some of his letters to young Samuel at Westminster School exhibit the Rector's fatherly character in a very favourable light. We see not only that he was a wise, careful, and tender father, but also how fully, notwithstanding the many instances in which his judgment differed from hers, he appreciated the rare excellencies of his wife:—

"You know what you owe to one of the best of mothers. Perhaps you may have read of one of the Ptolemies, who chose the name of Philometer, as a more glorious title than if he had assumed that of his predecessor, Alexander. And it would be an honest and virtuous ambition in you to attempt to imitate him, for which you have so much reason. Often reflect on the tender and peculiar love which your dear mother has always expressed towards you; the deep affliction of both body and mind which she underwent for you, both before and after your birth; the particular care she took of your education when she struggled with so many pains and infirmities; and, above all, the wholesome and sweet motherly advice and counsel which she has often given you to fear God, to take care of your soul as well as of your learning, and to shun all vicious and bad examples. You will, I verily believe, remember that these obligations of gratitude, love, and obedience, and the expressions of them, are not confined to your tender years, but must last to the very close of life, and, even after that, render her memory most dear and precious to you.

"You will not forget to evidence this by supporting and comforting her in her age, if it please God that she should ever attain to it

(though I doubt she will not), and doing nothing which may justly displease or grieve her, or show you unworthy of such a mother. You will endeavour to repay her prayers for you by doubling yours for her; and, above all things, to live such a virtuous and religious life that she may find that her care and love have not been lost upon you, but that we may all meet in heaven.

"In short, reverence and love her as much as you will, which I hope will be as much as you can. For, though I should be jealous of any other rival in your heart, yet I will not be jealous of her; the more duty you pay her, and the more frequently and kindly you write to her, the more you will please your affectionate father, SAMUEL WESLEY."

"It is agreed by all that a pure body and a chaste mind are an acceptable sacrifice to infinite Purity and Holiness; and that, without these, a thousand hecatombs would never be accepted. How happy are those who preserve their first purity and innocence; and how much easier is it to abstain from the first acts, than not to reiterate them and sink into inveterate habits! There is no parleying with the temptation to this sin, which is nourished by sloth and intemperance. You have not wanted repeated warnings, and I hope they have not been altogether in vain. The shortness, the baseness, the nastiness of the pleasure would be enough to make one nauseate it did not the devil and the flesh unite in their temptations to it. However, conquered it must be, for we must part with that or heaven! Ah, my boy, what sneaking things does not vice make us! What traitors to ourselves, and how false wit-in! And what invincible courage, as well as calmness, attends virtue and innocence!

"Now, my boy (it is likely), begins that conflict whereof I have so often warned you, and which will find you warm work for some years. Now—vice or virtue, God or Satan, heaven or hell, which will you choose? What, if you should fall on your knees this moment, or as soon as you can retire, and choose the better part? If you have begun to do amiss, resolve to do better. Give up yourself so emally to God and to His service. Implore the mercy and gracious aid of your Redeemer, and the blessed assistance (perhaps the return) of the Holy Comforter. You will not be cast off. You will not want strength from above, which will be infinitely beyond your own, or even the power of the enemy. The holy angels are spectators, and will rejoice at your conquest. Why should you not make your parents' hearts rejoice? You know how tenderly they are concerned for you, and how fain they would have you virtuous and happy."—*Ibid.* pp. 313, 320, 321.

Such was the father of the Wesleys, and such was the influence which he exercised over his sons. It has been too much taken for granted, that the influence of Mrs. Wes-

ley was paramount in moulding their characters. Her letters, indeed, remain as evidence how wisely, how carefully, with what ability as a writer, and with what fulness of knowledge—especially of theology—she advised her sons as they grew up. Still the letters from Mr. Wesley which remain, and of which samples have been given, show that, after all, he was the chief, the authoritative adviser of his sons, and that he entered into all their affairs as none but a father, not even a mother, can enter into a son's affairs.

Such was the father of the Wesleys, and the influence upon them of such a parentage may be traced throughout the formative period of their life, while their character was being moulded. Their early hardships in his rectory taught them hardy patience and stout self-help. From such a father they inherited a passion for learning and a scholar's ambition. Their admirable style as writers of nervous, idiomatic English, was due not less to the vigour and vividness of the father's English, than to the purity and terseness of their mother's sweet and even style. That it was owing more to home than to University example and influence, is not only antecedently probable, but may be inferred from the fact that all the sisters of the Wesley family wrote pure and pleasant English, idiomatic, but never harsh. In fact, there is a Wesley-family style of English, and the English of the sisters bears a sisterly likeness to that of the brothers; while each style, all round, has its own individuality.

Both father and mother of the Wesleys were High Church, and most high was the churchmanship of their sons. The doctrine which they preached, as Methodists, after their return from America, was certainly not derived from any instruction or any bias which had been given to them at their family home. They learned it through the instrumentality of the Moravians, especially of Peter Bohler. Their early High Churchmanship, however, clung to them with the greatest tenacity. John, indeed, lost most of it before his course was run; but then he was learning, with the open-mindedness of a child, till he was more than eighty years of age.

But the principle of religious fellowship, which is the very kernel of Methodism, regarded as an organisation, was certainly an inheritance to the Wesleys from their father: as to him, very likely, a bias in favour of it was derived from his Puritan ancestry and from the influences in the midst of which his earliest religious consciousness

was awakened. His defence of Religious Societies in 1699 — Societies within the Church of England for religious fellowship — might now serve as an apology for the Methodist system of fellowship meetings.

In his range of reading, especially considering his opportunities, and in his projects of study also, the Rector of Epworth was surely own father to the Founder of Methodism, whose system of study at Oxford, and whose projects of culture for the pupils at Kingswood were encyclopædic in their range.

Add to these particulars, what we have already had occasion distinctly to note, the grand missionary conceptions and the real missionary enthusiasm of the Rector of Epworth — the father of the man whose memorable saying, "the world is *my* parish," was perhaps the grandest rebuke ever administered to the narrowness and pettiness of a mere parochial martinet, and we have before our view no unimportant total of particulars, in which the father of the Wesleys supplied the training and the influences, by which, under the inspiration of Providence, John Wesley and his brother Charles were prepared for the great work which was reserved for them to do. Nor can we doubt, although we have not included this in our enumeration, that the rude power, the untrained faculty and impulse, of poetry, which even under the rank doggerel of Wesley is not quite lost, but burns like a fire almost buried in ashes and spent in smoke, and which at times breaks forth in his verse with a real glow of heat and flame, was the original of that remarkable gift of song which was strong in all the Rector's sons — Charles being not the only but the most brilliant and copious poet of the three — and which was shared, in no mean degree, by several of the daughters.

The fine old man died in 1735, having been born in 1662. How he died was beautifully told by his son John, and has been inimitably painted in the warm, pure English of Southey. In 1683 he left Stoke Newington for Oxford; in 1688 he was ordained deacon; in 1690 he married, on a London curacy of £21. a-year, having before this held for a little while a still poorer curacy, and having also served for a year as a naval chaplain. In 1690, also, he was presented by Lord Normanby to the living of South Ormsby. In 1697 he became Rector of Epworth. Thirty-eight years, accordingly, had he held that parish. What sufferings he there endured, what errors, what labours, what sorrows, and what honours he passed through there, we have already described in brief in

this Journal, in the article to which we have more than once referred. But he who would know all about these matters, and much besides, of which nothing can be said in a review, must betake himself to Mr. Tyerman's authentic, valuable, and most interesting volume, to which this article may serve as a companion, and in part as a corrective, but cannot serve as a supplement.

A STORY OF SCIENCE.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT IT.

A PHILOSOPHER sat in his easy chair,
Looking as grave as MILTON;
He wore a solemn and mystic air
As he Canada balsam spilt on
A strip of glass, as a slide to prepare
For a mite taken out of his Stilton.

He took his microscope out of his case,
And settled the focus rightly.
The light thrown back from the mirror's face
Came glimmering upward brightly.
He put the slide with the mite in place,
And fixed on the cover tightly.

He turned the instrument up and down,
Till getting a proper sight, he
Exclaimed — as he gazed with a puzzled frown,
"Good gracious!" and "Highty tighty!"
The sight is enough to alarm the town —
A mite is a monster mighty!"

From t'other end of the tube, the mite
Regarded our scientific, —
To its naked eye, as you'll guess, the sight
Of a man was most terrific,
But reversing the microscope, made him quite
The opposite of magnific.

"One sees the truth through this tube so tall,"
Said the mite as it squinted through it,
"Man is not so wondrously big after all,
If the mite-world only knew it!"

MORAL.

MEM. — Whether a thing is large or small
Depends on the way you view it!

— *Fun.*

PART V.

CHAPTER IX.

LINDA TRESSEL, as she returned home to the house in the Schütt island, became aware that it was necessary for her to tell to her aunt all that had passed between herself and Herr Molk. She had been half stunned with grief as she left the magistrate's house, and for a while had tried to think that she could keep back from Madame Staubach at any rate the purport of the advice that had been given to her. And as she came to the conclusion that this would be impossible to her, — that it must all come out, — various wild plans flitted across her brain. Could she not run away without returning to the red house at all? But whither was she to run, and with whom? The only one who would have helped her in this wild enterprise had been sent to prison by that ill-conditioned old man who had made her so miserable! At this moment, there was no longer any hope in her bosom that she should save herself from being a castaway; nay, there was hardly a wish. There was no disreputable life so terrible to her thoughts, no infamy so infamous in idea to her, as would be respectability in the form of matrimony with Peter Steinmarc. And now, as she walked along painfully, going far out of her way that she might have some little time for reflection, turning all this in her mind, she began almost to fear that if she went back to her aunt, her aunt would prevail, and that in very truth Peter Steinmarc would become her lord and master. Then there was another plan, as impracticable as that scheme of running away. What if she were to become sullen, and decline to speak at all? She was well aware that in such a contest her aunt's tongue would be very terrible to her; and as the idea crossed her mind, she told herself that were she so to act people would treat her as a mad woman. But even that, she thought, would be better than being forced to marry Peter Steinmarc. Before she had reached the island, she knew that the one scheme was as impossible as the other. She entered the house very quietly, and turning to the left went at once into the kitchen.

"Linda, your aunt is waiting dinner for you this hour," said Tetchen.

"Why did you not take it to her by herself?" said Linda, crossly.

"How could I do that, when she would not have it? You had better go in now,

at once. But, Linda, does anything ail you?"

"Very much ails me," said Linda.

Then Tetchen came close to her, and whispered, "Have you heard anything about him?"

"What have you heard, Tetchen? Tell me at once."

"He is in trouble."

"He is in prison!" Linda said this with a little hysteric scream. Then she began to sob and cry, and turned her back to Tetchen and hid her face in her hands.

"I have heard that too," said Tetchen.

"They say the burgomasters have caught him with letters on him from some terrible rebels up in Prussia, and that he has been plotting to have the city burned down. But I don't believe all that, fraulein."

"He is in prison. I know he is in prison," said Linda. "I wish I were there too; — so I do, or dead. I'd rather be dead." Then Madame Staubach, having perhaps heard the lock of the front door when it was closed, came into the kitchen. "Linda," she said, "I am waiting for you."

"I do not want any dinner," said Linda, still standing with her face turned to the wall. Then Madame Staubach took hold of her arm, and led her across the passage into the parlour. Linda said not a word as she was being thus conducted, but was thinking whether it might not even yet serve her purpose to be silent and sullen. She was still sobbing, and striving to repress her sobs; but she allowed herself to be led without resistance, and in an instant the door was closed, and she was seated on the old sofa with her aunt beside her.

"Have you seen Herr Molk?" demanded Madame Staubach.

"Yes; I have seen him."

"And what has he said to you?" Then Linda was silent. "You told me that you would seek his counsel; and that you would act as he might advise you."

"No; I did not say that."

"Linda!"

"I did not promise. I made no promise."

"Linda, surely you did promise. When I asked you whether you would do as he might bid you, you said that you would be ruled by him. Then, knowing that he is wise, and of repute in the city, I let you go. Linda, was it not so?" Linda could not remember what words had in truth been spoken between them. She did remember that in her anxiety to go forth, thinking it to be impossible that the burgomaster

should ask her to marry a man old enough to be her father, she had in some way assented to her aunt's proposition. But yet she thought she had made no definite promise that she would marry the man she hated. She did not believe that she would absolutely have promised that under any possible circumstances she would do so. She could not, however, answer her aunt's question; so she continued to sob, and endeavoured again to hide her face. "Did you tell the man everything, my child?" demanded Madame Staubach.

"Yes, I did."

"And what has he said to you?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know! Linda, that cannot be true. It is not yet half an hour since, and you do not know what Herr Molk said to you? Did you tell him of my wish about our friend Peter?"

"Yes, I did."

"And did you tell him of your foolish fancy for that wicked young man?"

"Yes, I did."

"And what did he say?"

Linda was still silent. It was almost impossible for her to tell her aunt what the man had said to her. She could not bring herself to tell the story of what had passed in the panelled room. Had Madame Staubach been in any way different from what she was, — had she been at all less stubborn, less hard, less reliant on the efficacy of her religious convictions to carry her over all obstacles, — she would have understood something of the sufferings of the poor girl with whom she was dealing. But with her the only idea present to her mind was the absolute necessity of saving Linda from the wrath to come by breaking her spirit in regard to things of this world, and crushing her into atoms here, that those atoms might be remoulded in a form that would be capable of a future and a better life. Instead therefore of shrinking from cruelty, Madame Staubach was continually instigating herself to be cruel. She knew that the image of the town-clerk was one simply disgusting to Linda, and therefore she was determined to force that image upon her. She knew that the girl's heart was set upon Ludovic Valcarm with all the warmth of its young love, and therefore she conceived it to be her duty to prove to the girl that Ludovic Valcarm was one already given up to Satan and Satanic agencies. Linda must be taught not only to acknowledge, but in very fact to understand and perceive, that this world is a vale of tears, that its paths are sharp to the feet, and that they who

walk through it should walk in mourning and tribulation. What though her young heart should be broken by the lesson, — be broken after the fashion in which human hearts are made to suffer? To Madame Staubach's mind a broken heart and a contrite spirit were pretty much the same thing. It was good that hearts should be broken, that all the inner humanities of the living being should be, as it were, crushed on a wheel and ground into fragments, so that nothing should be left capable of receiving pleasure from the delights of this world. Such, according to her theory of life, was the treatment to which young women should be subjected. The system needed for men might probably be different. It was necessary that they should go forth and work; and Madame Staubach conceived it to be possible that the work of the world could not be adequately done by men who had not been subjected to the crushing process which was requisite for women. Therefore it was that she admitted Peter Steinmarc to her confidence as a worthy friend, though Peter was by no means a man enfranchised from the thralls of the earth. Of young women there was but one with whom she could herself deal; but in regard to that one Madame Staubach was resolved that no softness of heart should deter her from her duty. "Linda," she said, after pausing for a while, "I desire to know from you what Herr Molk has said to you!" Then there was a short period of silence. "Linda, did he sanction your love for Ludovic Valcarm?"

"No," said Linda, sullenly.

"I should think not, indeed! And, Linda, did he bid you be rebellious in that other matter?"

Linda paused again before she answered; but it was but for a moment, and then she replied, in the same voice, "No."

"Did he tell you that you had better take Peter Steinmarc for your husband?" Linda could not bring herself to answer this, but sat beating the floor with her foot, and with her face turned away and her eyes fixed upon the wall. She was no longer sobbing now, but was hardening herself against her aunt. She was resolving that she would be a castaway, — that she would have nothing more to do with godliness and decency. She had found godliness and decency too heavy to be borne. In all her life, had not that moment in which Ludovic had held her tight bound by his arm round her waist been the happiest? Had it not been to her, her one single morsel of real bliss? She was thinking now whether she should fly round upon her aunt and astonish her tyrant by a

declaration of principles that should be altogether new. Then came the question again in the same hard voice, "Did he not tell you that you had better take Peter Steinmarc for your husband?"

"I won't take Peter Steinmarc for my husband," said Linda; and she did in part effect that flying round of which she had been thinking. "I won't take Peter Steinmarc for my husband, let the man say what he may. How can I marry him if I hate him? He is a — beast."

Then Madame Staubach groaned. Linda had often heard her groan, but had never known her to groan as she groaned now. It was very deep and very low, and prolonged with a cadence that caused Linda to tremble in every limb. And Linda understood it thoroughly. It was as though her aunt had been told by an angel that Satan was coming to her house in person that day. And Linda did that which the reader also should do. She gave to her aunt full credit for pure sincerity in her feelings. Madame Staubach did believe that Satan was coming for her niece, if not actually come; he was close at hand, if not arrived. The crushing, if done at all, must be done instantly, so that Satan should find the spirit so broken and torn to paltry fragments as not to be worth his acceptance. She stretched forth her hand and took hold of her niece. "Linda," she said, "do you ever think of the bourne to which the wicked ones go; — they who are wicked as you now are wicked?"

"I cannot help it," said Linda.

"And did he not bid you take this man for your husband?"

"I will not do his bidding, then! It would kill me. Do you not know that I love Ludovic better than all the world? He is in prison, but shall I cease to love him for that reason? He came to me once up-stairs at night when you were sitting here with that — beast, and I swore to him then that I would never love another man, — that I should never marry anybody else!"

"Came to you once up-stairs at night! To your own chamber?"

"Yes, he did. You may know all about it, if you please. You may know everything. I don't want anything to be secret. He came to me, and when he had his arms round me I told him that I was his own, — his own, — his own. How can I be the wife of another man after that?"

Madame Staubach was so truly horrified by what she had first heard, was so astonished, that she omitted even to groan. Valcarm had been with this wretched girl up in her own chamber! She hardly even now

believed that which it seemed to her that she was called upon to believe, having never as yet for a moment doubted the real purity of her niece even when she was most vehemently denouncing her as a reprobate, a castaway, and a child of Satan. The reader will know to what extent Linda had been imprudent, to what extent she had sinned. But Madame Staubach did not know. She had nothing to guide her but the words of this poor girl who had been so driven to desperation by the misery which enveloped her, that she almost wished to be taken for worse than she was in order that she might escape the terrible doom from which she saw no other means of escape. Nobody, it is true, could have forced her to marry Peter Steinmarc. There was no law, no custom in Nuremberg, which would have assisted her aunt, or Peter, or even the much-esteemed and venerable Herr Molk himself, in compelling her to submit to such nuptials. She was free to exercise her own choice, if only she had had strength to assert her freedom. But youth, which rebels so often against the authority and wisdom of age, is also subject to much tyranny from age. Linda did not know the strength of her own position, had not learned to recognise the fact of her own individuality. She feared the power of her aunt over her, and through her aunt the power of the man whom she hated; and she feared the now provoked authority of Herr Molk, who had been with her weak as a child is weak, counselling her to submit herself to a suitor unfitted for her, because another man who loved her was also unfit. And, moreover, Linda, though she was now willing in her desperation to cast aside all religious scruples of her own, still feared those with which her aunt was armed. Unless she did something, or at least said something, to separate herself entirely from her aunt, this terrible domestic tyrant would overcome her by the fear of denunciation, which would terrify her soul even though she had dared to declare to herself that in her stress of misery she would throw overboard all consideration of her soul's welfare. Though she intended no longer to live in accordance with her religious belief, she feared what religion could say to her, — dreaded to the very marrow of her bones the threats of God's anger and of Satan's power with which her aunt would harass her. If only she could rid herself of it all! Therefore, though she perceived that the story which she had told of herself had filled her aunt's mind with a horrible and a false suspicion, she said nothing to correct the error. Therefore she said nothing further, though her

aunt sat looking at her with open mouth, and eyes full of terror, and hands clasped, and pale cheeks.

"In this house,—in this very house!" said Madame Staubach, not knowing what it might best become her to say in such a strait as this.

"The house is as much mine as yours," said Linda, sullenly. And she too, in saying this, had not known what she meant to say, or what she ought to have said. Her aunt had alluded to the house, and there seemed to her, in her distress, to be something in that on which she could hang a word.

For a while her aunt sat in silence looking at Linda, and then she fell upon her knees, with her hands clasped to heaven. What was the matter of her prayers we may not here venture to surmise; but, such as they were, they were sincere. Then she arose and went slowly as far as the door, but she returned before she had reached the threshold. "Wretched child!" she said.

"Yes, you have made me wretched," said Linda.

"Listen to me, Linda, if so much grace is left to you. After what you have told me, I cannot but suppose that all hope of happiness or comfort in this world is over both for you and me."

"For myself, I wish I were dead," said Linda.

"Have you no thought of what will come after death? Oh, my child, repentance is still possible to you, and with repentance there will come at length grace and salvation. Mary Magdalene was blessed,—was specially blessed among women."

"Pshaw!" said Linda, indignantly. What had she to do with Mary Magdalene? The reality of her position then came upon her, and not the facts of that position which she had for a moment almost endeavoured to simulate.

"Do you not hate yourself for what you have done?"

"No, no, no. But I hate Peter Steinmarc, and I hate Herr Molk, and if you are so cruel to me I shall hate you. I have done nothing wrong. I could not help it if he came up-stairs. He came because he loved me, and because you would not let him come in a proper way. Nobody else loves me, but he would do anything for me. And now they have thrown him into prison!"

The case was so singular in all its bearings, that Madame Staubach could make nothing of it. Linda seemed to have confessed her iniquity, and yet, after her confession, spoke of herself as though she were the injured person,—of herself and her

lover as though they were both ill used. According to Madame Staubach's own ideas, Linda ought now to have been in the dust, dissolved in tears, wiping the floor with her hair, utterly subdued in spirit, hating herself as the vilest of God's creatures. But there was not even an outward sign of contrition. And then, in the midst of all this real tragedy, Tetchen brought in the dinner. The two women sat down together, but neither of them spoke a word. Linda did eat something,—a morsel or two; but Madame Staubach would not touch the food on the table. Then Tetchen was summoned to take away the all but unused plates. Tetchen, when she saw how it had been, said nothing, but looked from the face of one to the face of the other. "She has heard all about that scamp Ludovic," said Tetchen to herself, as she carried the dishes back into the kitchen.

It had been late when the dinner had been brought to them, and the dusk of the evening came upon them as soon as Tetchen's clatter with the crockery was done. Madame Staubach sat in her accustomed chair, with her eyes closed, and her hands clasped on her lap before her. A stranger might have thought that she was asleep, but Linda knew that her aunt was not sleeping. She also sat silent till she thought that the time was drawing near at which Steinmarc might probably enter the parlour. Then she arose to go, but could not leave her aunt without a word. "Aunt Charlotte," she said, "I am ill,—very ill; my head is throbbing, and I will go to bed." Madame Staubach merely shook her head, and shook her hands, and remained silent, with her eyes still closed. She had not even yet resolved upon the words with which it would be expedient that she should address her niece. Then Linda left the room, and went to her own apartment.

Madame Staubach, when she was alone, sobbed and cried, and kneeled and prayed, and walked the length and breadth of the room in an agony of despair and doubt. She also was in want of a counsellor to whom she could go in her present misery. And there was no such counsellor. It seemed to her to be impossible that she should confide everything to Peter Steinmarc. And yet it was no more than honest that Peter should be told before he was allowed to continue his courtship. Even now, though she had seen Linda's misery, Madame Staubach thought that the marriage which she had been so anxious to arrange would be the safest way out of all their troubles,—if only Peter might be brought

to consent to it after hearing all the truth. And she fancied that those traits in Peter's character, appearance, and demeanour which were so revolting to Linda would be additional means of bringing Linda back from the slough of despond, — if only such a marriage might still be possible. But the crushing must be more severe than had hitherto been intended, the weights imposed must be heavier, and the human atoms smaller and more like the dust.

While she was meditating on this there came the usual knock at the door, and Steinmarc entered the room. She greeted him, as was her wont, with but a word or two, and he sat down and lighted his pipe. An observant man might have known, even from the sound of her breathing, that something had stirred Madame Staubach more than usual. But Peter was not an observant man, and, having something on his own mind, paid but little attention to the widow. At last, having finished his first pipe and filled it again, he spoke. "Madame Staubach," he said, "I have been thinking about Linda Tressel."

"And so have I, Peter," said Madame Staubach.

"Yes, — of course; that is natural. She is your niece, and you and she have interests in common."

"What interests, Peter? Ah me! I wish we had."

"Of course it is all right that you should, and I say nothing about that. But, Madame Staubach, I do not like to be made a fool of; — I particularly object to be made a fool of. If Linda is to become my wife, there is not any time to be lost." Then Peter recommenced the smoking of his new-lighted pipe with great vigour.

Madame Staubach at this moment became a martyr to great scruples. Was it her duty, or was it not her duty, to tell Peter at this moment all that she had heard to-day? She rather thought that it was her duty to do so, and yet she was restrained by some feeling of feminine honour from disgracing her niece, — by some feeling of feminine honour for which she afterwards did penance with many inward flagellations of the spirit.

"You must not be too hard upon her, Peter," said Madame Staubach with a trembling voice.

"It is all very well saying that, and I do not think that I am the man to be hard upon anyone. But the fact is that this young woman has got a lover, which is a thing of which I do not approve. I do not approve of it at all, Madame Staubach. Some persons

who stand very high indeed in the city, — indeed I may say that none in Nuremberg stand higher, — have asked me to-day whether I am engaged to marry Linda Tressel. What answer am I to make when I am so asked, Madame Staubach? One of our leading burgomasters was good enough to say that he hoped it was so for the young woman's sake." Madame Staubach, little as she knew of the world of Nuremberg, was well aware who was the burgomaster. "That is all very well, my friend; but if it be so that Linda will not renounce her lover, — who, by the by, is at this moment locked up in prison, so that he cannot do any harm just now, — why then, in that case, Madame Staubach, I must renounce her." Having uttered these terrible words, Peter Steinmarc smoked away again with all his fury.

A fortnight ago, had Peter Steinmarc ventured to speak to her in this strain, Madame Staubach would have answered him with some feminine pride, and would have told him that her niece was not a suppliant for his hand. This she did not dare to do now. She was all at fault as to facts, and did not know what the personages of Nuremberg might be saying in respect to Linda. Were she to quarrel altogether with Steinmarc, she thought that there would be left to her no means of bringing upon Linda that salutary crushing which alone might be efficacious for her salvation. She was therefore compelled to temporise. Let Peter be silent for a week, and at the end of that week let him speak again. If things could not then be arranged to his satisfaction, Linda should be regarded as altogether a castaway.

"Very well, Madame Staubach. Then I will ask her for the last time this day week." In coarsest sackcloth, and with bitterest ashes, did Madame Staubach on that night do spiritual penance for her own sins and for those of Linda Tressel.

The week had nearly passed to the duration of which Peter Steinmarc had assented, and at the end of which it was to be settled whether Linda would renounce Ludovic Valcarm, or Peter himself would renounce Linda. With a manly propriety he omitted any spoken allusion to the subject during those smoking visits which he still paid on alternate days to the parlour of Madame Staubach. But, though he said nothing, his looks and features and the motions of his limbs were eloquent of his importance and his dignity during this period of waiting. He would salute Madame Staubach when he entered the chamber with a majesty of demeanour which he had

not before affected, and would say a few words on subjects of public interest — such as the weather, the price of butter, and the adulteration of the city beer — in false notes, in tones which did not belong to him, and which in truth disgusted Madame Staubach, who was sincere in all things. But Madame Staubach, though she was disgusted, did not change her mind or abandon her purpose. Linda was to be made to marry Peter Steinmarc, not because he was a pleasant man, but because such a discipline would be for the good of her soul. Madame Staubach therefore listened, and said little or nothing; and when Peter on a certain Thursday evening remarked as he was leaving the parlour that the week would be over on the following morning, and that he would do himself the honour of asking for the fraulein's decision on his return from the town-hall at five P.M. on the morrow, apologizing at the same time for the fact that he would then be driven to intrude on an irregular day, Madame Staubach merely answered by an assenting motion of her head, and by the utterance of her usual benison, "God in His mercy be with you, Peter Steinmarc." "And with you too, Madame Staubach." Then Peter marched forth with great dignity, holding his pipe as high as his shoulder.

Linda Tressel had kept her bed during nearly the whole week, and had in truth been very ill. Hitherto it had been her aunt's scheme of life to intermit in some slight degree the acerbity of her usual demeanor in periods of illness. At such times she would be very constant with the reading of good books by the bedside and with much ghostly advice to the sufferer, but she would not take it amiss if the patient succumbed to sleep while she was thus employed, believing sleep to be pardonable at such times of bodily weakness, and perhaps salutary; and she would be softer in her general manner, and would sometimes descend to the saying of tender little words, and would administer things agreeable to the palate which might at the same time be profitable to the health. So thus there had been moments in which Linda had felt that it would be comfortable to be always ill. But now, during the whole of this week, Madame Staubach had been very doubtful as to her conduct. At first it had seemed to her that all tenderness must be misplaced in circumstances so terrible, till there had been an actual resolution of repentance, till the spirit had been made to pass seven times through the fire, till the heart had lost all its human cords and fibres. But gradually, and that

before the second day had elapsed, there came upon her a conviction that she had in some way mistaken the meaning of Linda's words, and that matters were not as she had supposed. She did not now in the least doubt Linda's truth. She was convinced that Linda had intentionally told no falsehood, and that she would tell none. But there were questions which she would not ask, which she could not ask at any rate except by slow degrees. Something, however, she learned from Tetchen, something from Linda herself, and thus there came upon her a conviction that there might be no frightful story to tell to Peter, — that in all probability there was no such story to be told. What she believed at this time was in fact about the truth.

But if it were as she believed, then was it the more incumbent on her to see that this marriage did not slip through her fingers. She became very busy, and in her eagerness she went to Herr Molk. Herr Molk had learned something further about Ludovic, and promised that he would himself come down and see "the child." He would see "the child," ill as she was, in bed, and perhaps say a word or two that might assist. Madame Staubach found that the burgomaster was quite prepared to advocate the Steinmarc marriage, being instigated thereto apparently by his civic horror at Valcarm's crimes. He would shake his head, and swing his whole body, and blow out the breath from behind his cheeks, knitting his eyebrows and assuming a look of terror when it was suggested to him that the daughter of his old friend, the undoubted owner of a house in Nuremberg, was anxious to give herself and her property to Ludovic Valcarm. "No, no, Madame Staubach, that mustn't be; — that must not be, my dear Madame. A rebel! a traitor! I don't know what the young man hasn't done. It would be confiscated; — confiscated! Dear, dear, only to think of Josef Tressel's daughter! Let her marry Peter Steinmarc, a good man, — a very good man! Followed her father, you know, and does his work very well. The city is not what it used to be, Madame Staubach, but still Peter does his work very well." Then Herr Molk promised to come down to the red house, and he did come down.

But Madame Staubach could not trust every thing to Herr Molk. It was necessary that she should do much before he came, and much probably after he went. As her conception of the true state of things became strong, and as she was convinced also that Linda was really far from well, her

manner became kinder, and she assumed that sickbed tenderness which admitted of sleep during the reading of a sermon. But it was essential that she should not forget her work for an hour. Gradually Linda was taught to understand that on such a day Steinmarc was to demand an answer. When Linda attempted to explain that the answer had been already given, and could not be altered, her aunt interrupted her, declaring that nothing need be said at the present moment. So that the question remained an open question, and Linda understood that it was so regarded. Then Madame Staubach spoke of Ludovic Valcarm, putting up her hands with dismay, and declaring what horrid things Herr Molk had told of him. It was at that moment that Linda was told that she was to be visited in a day or two by the burgomaster. Linda endeavoured to explain that though it might be necessary to give up Ludovic, — not saying that she would give him up, — still it was not on that account necessary also that she should marry Peter Steinmarc. Madame Staubach shook her head, and implied that the necessity did exist. Things had been said, and things had been done, and Herr Molk was decidedly of opinion that the marriage should be solemnized without delay. Linda, of course, did not submit to this in silence; but gradually she became more and more silent as her aunt continued in a low tone to drone forth her wishes and her convictions, and at last Linda would almost sleep while the salutary position of Peter Steinmarc's wife was being explained to her.

The reader must understand that she was in truth ill, prostrated by misery, doubt, and agitation, and weak from the effects of her illness. In this condition Herr Molk paid his visit to her. He spoke, in the first place, of the civil honour which she had inherited from her respected father, and of all that she owed to Nuremberg on this account. Then he spoke also of that other inheritance, the red house, explaining to her that it was her duty as a citizen to see that this should not be placed by her in evil hands. After that he took up the subject of Peter Steinmarc's merits; and according to Herr Molk, as he now drew the picture, Peter was little short of a municipal demigod. Prudent he was, and confidential. A man deep in the city's trust, and with money laid out at interest. Strong and healthy he was, — indeed lusty for his age, if Herr Molk spoke the truth. Poor Linda gave a little kick beneath the clothes when this was said, but she spoke no word of reply. And then Peter was a man

not given to scolding, of equal temper, who knew his place, and would not interfere with things that did not belong to him. Herr Molk produced a catalogue of nuptial virtues, and endowed Peter with them all. When this was completed, he came to the last head of his discourse, — the last head and the most important. Lucovic Valcarm was still in prison, and there was no knowing what might be done to him. To be imprisoned for life in some horrible place among the rats seemed to be the least of it. Linda, when she heard this, gave one slight scream, but she said nothing. Because Herr Molk was a burgomaster, she need not on that account believe every word that fell from his mouth. But the cruellest blow of all was at the end. When Ludovic was taken, there had been — a young woman with him.

"What young woman?" said Linda, turning sharply upon the burgomaster.

"Not such a young woman as any young man ought to be seen with," said Herr Molk.

"What matters her name?" said Madame Staubach, who, during the whole discourse, had been sitting silent by the bedside.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Linda.

"I saw the young woman in his company, my dear. She had a felt hat and a blue frock. But, my child, you know nothing of the lives of such young men as this. It would not astonish me if he knew a dozen young women! You don't suppose that such a one as he ever means to be true?"

"I am sure he meant to be true to me," said Linda.

"T-sh, t-sh, t-sh! my dear child; you don't know the world, and how should you? If you want to marry a husband who will remain at home and live discreetly, and be true to you, you must take such a man as Peter Steinmarc."

"Of course she must," said Madame Staubach.

"Such a one as Ludovic Valcarm would only waste your property and drag you into the gutters."

"No more — no more," said Madame Staubach.

"She will think better of it, Madame Staubach. She will not be so foolish nor so wicked as that," said the burgomaster.

"May the Lord in His mercy give her light to see the right way," said Madame Staubach.

Then Herr Molk took his departure with

Madame Staubach at his heels, and Linda was left to her own considerations. Her first assertion to herself was that she did not believe a word of it. She knew what sort of a man she could love as her husband without having Herr Molk to come and teach her. She could not love Peter Steinmarc, let him be ever so much respected in Nuremberg. As to what Herr Molk said that she owed to the city, that was nothing to her. The city did not care for her, nor she for the city. If they wished to take the house from her, let them do it. She was quite sure that Ludovic Valcarm had not loved her because she was the owner of a paltry old house. As to Ludovic being in prison, the deeper was his dungeon, the more true it behoved her to be to him. If he were among the rats, she would willingly be there also. But when she tried to settle in her thoughts the matter of the young woman with the felt hat and the blue frock, then her mind became more doubtful.

She knew well enough that Herr Molk was wrong in the picture which he drew of Peter; but she was not so sure that he was wrong in that other picture about Ludovic. There was something very grand, that had gratified her spirit amazingly, in the manner in which her lover had disappeared among the rafters; but at the same time she acknowledged to herself that there was much in it that was dangerous. A young man who can disappear among the rafters so quickly must have had much experience. She knew that Ludovic was wild,—very wild, and that wild young men do not make good husbands. To have had his arm once round her waist was to her almost a joy for ever. But she had nearly come to believe that if she were to have his arm often round her waist, she must become a castaway. And then, to be a castaway, sharing her treasure with another! Who was this blue-frocked woman, with a felt hat, who seemed to have been willing to do so much more for Ludovic than she had done,—who had gone with him into danger, and was sharing with him his perils?

But though she made a great fight against the wisdom of Herr Molk when she was first left to herself, the words of the burgomaster had their effect. Her enemies were becoming too strong for her. Her heart was weak within her. She had eaten little or nothing for the last few days, and the blood was running thinly through her veins. It was more difficult to reply to tenderness from her aunt than to harshness.

And there came upon her a feeling that after all it signified but little. There was but a choice between one misery and another. The only really good thing would be to die and to have done with it all,—to die before she had utterly thrown away all hope, all chance of happiness in that future world in which she thoroughly believed. She was ill now, and if it might be that her illness would bring her to death; but would bring her slowly, so that she might yet repent, and all would be right.

Madame Staubach said nothing more to her about Peter till the morning of that day on which Peter was to come for his answer. A little before noon Madame Staubach brought to her niece some weak broth, as she had done once before, on that morning. But Linda, who was sick and faint at heart, would not take it.

"Try, my dear," said Madame Staubach.

"I cannot try," said Linda.

"I wish particularly to speak to you,—now,—at once; and this will give you strength to listen to me." But Linda declined to be made strong for such a purpose, and declared that she could listen very well as she was. Then Madame Staubach began her great argument. Linda had heard what the burgomaster had said. Linda knew well what she, her aunt and guardian, thought about it. Linda could not but know that visits from a young man at her chamber door, such as that to which she herself had confessed, were things so horrible that they hardly admitted of being spoken of even between an aunt and her niece; and Madame Staubach's cheeks were hot and red as she spoke of this.

"If he had come to your door, aunt Charlotte, you could not have helped it."

"But he embraced you?"

"Yes, he did."

"Oh, my child, will you not let me save you from the evil days? Linda, you are all in all to me;—the only one that I love. Linda, Linda, your soul is precious to me, almost as my own. Oh, Linda, shall I pray for you in vain?" She sank upon her knees as she spoke, and prayed with all her might that God would turn the heart of this child, so that even yet she might be rescued from the burning. With arms extended, and loud voice, and dishevelled hair, and streaming tears, shrieking to Heaven in her agony, every now and again kissing the hand of the poor sinner, she besought the Lord her God that He would give to her the thing for which she asked;—and that thing prayed for with such agony of earnestness, was a consent

from Linda to marry Peter Steinmarc! It was very strange, but the woman was as sincere in her prayer as is faith itself. She would have cut herself with knives, and have swallowed ashes whole, could she have believed that by doing so she could have been nearer her object. And she had no end of her own in view. That Peter, as master of the house, would be a thorn in her own side, she had learned to believe; but thorns in the sides of women were, she thought, good for them; and it was necessary to Linda that she should be stuck full of thorns, so that her base human desires might, as it were, fall from her bones and perish out of the way. Once, twice, thrice, Linda besought her aunt to arise; but the half frantic woman had said to herself that she would remain on her knees, on the hard boards, till this thing was granted to her. Had it not been said by lips that could not lie, that faith would move a mountain? and would not faith, real faith, do for her this smaller thing? Then there came questions to her mind, whether the faith was there. Did she really believe that this thing would be done for her? If she believed it, then it would be done. Thinking of all this, with the girl's hands between her own, she renewed her prayers. Once and again she threw herself upon the floor, striking it with her forehead. "Oh, my child! my child, my child! If God would do this for me! My child, my child! Only for my sin and weakness this thing would be done for me."

For three hours Linda lay there, hearing this, mingling her screams with those of her aunt, half fainting, half dead, now and again dozing for a moment even amidst the screams, and then struggling up in bed, that she might embrace her aunt, and implore her to abandon her purpose. But the woman would only give herself with the greater vehemence to the work. "Now, if the Lord would see fit, now, — now; if the Lord would see fit!"

Linda had swooned, her aunt being all unconscious of it, had dozed afterwards, and had then risen and struggled up, and was seated in her bed. "Aunt Charlotte," she said, "what is it — that — you want of me?"

"That you should obey the Lord, and take this man for your husband."

Linda stayed a while to think, not pausing that she might answer her aunt's sophistry, which she hardly noticed, but that she might consider, if it were possible, what it was that she was about to do; — that there might be left a moment to her before she

had surrendered herself for ever to her doom. And then she spoke. "Aunt Charlotte," she said, "if you will get up I will do as you would have me."

Madame Staubach could not arise at once, as it was incumbent on her to return thanks for the mercy that had been vouchsafed to her; but her thanks were quickly rendered, and then she was on the bed, with Linda in her arms. She had succeeded, and her child was saved. Perhaps there was something of triumph that the earnestness of her prayer should have been efficacious. It was a great thing that she had done, and the Scriptures had proved themselves to be true to her. She lay for a while fondling her niece and kissing her, as she had not done for years. "Linda, dear Linda!" She almost promised to the girl earthly happiness, in spite of her creed as to the necessity for crushing. For the moment she petted her niece as one weak woman may pet another. She went down to the kitchen and made coffee for her, — though she herself was weak from want of food, — and toasted bread, and brought the food up with a china cup and a china plate, to show her gratitude to the niece who had been her convert. And yet, as she did so, she told herself that such gratitude was mean, vile, and mistaken. It had been the Lord's doing, and not Linda's.

Linda took the coffee and the toast, and tried to make herself passive in her aunt's hands. She returned Madame Staubach's kisses and the pressure of her hand, and made some semblance of joy, that peace should have been re-established between them two. But her heart was dead within her, and the reflection that this illness might even yet be an illness unto death was the only one in which she could find the slightest comfort. She had promised Ludovic that she would never become the wife of any one but him; and now, at the first trial of her faith, she had promised to marry Peter Steinmarc. She was forsworn, and it would hardly be that the Lord would be satisfied with her, because she had perjured herself! When her aunt left her, which Madame Staubach did as the dusk came on, she endeavoured to promise herself that she would never get well. Was not the very thought that she would have to take Peter for her husband enough to keep her on her sickbed till she should be beyond all such perils as that?

Madame Staubach, before she left the room, asked Linda whether she would not be able to dress herself and come down, so that she might say one word to her affianced

husband. It should be but one word, and then she should be allowed to return. Linda would have declined to do this, — was refusing utterly to do it, — when she found that if she did not go down Peter would be brought up to her bedroom, to receive her troth there, by her bedside. The former evil, she thought, would be less than the latter. Steinmarc as a lover at her bedside would be intolerable to her; and then if she descended, she might ascend again instantly. That was part of the bargain. But if Peter were to come up to her room, there was no knowing how long he might stay there. She promised therefore that she would dress and come down as soon as she knew that the man was in the parlour. We may say for her, that when left alone she was as firmly resolved as ever that she would never become the man's wife. If this illness did not kill her, she would escape from the wedding in some other way. She would never put her hand into that of Peter Steinmarc, and let the priest call him and her man and wife. She had lied to her aunt, — so she told herself, — but her aunt had forced the lie from her.

When Peter entered Madame Staubach's parlour he was again dressed in his Sunday best, as he had been when he made his first overture to Linda. "Good evening, Madame Staubach," he said.

"Good evening, Peter Steinmarc."

"I hope you have good news for me, Madame Staubach, from the maiden upstairs."

Madame Staubach took a moment or two for thought before she replied. "Peter Steinmarc, the Lord has been good to us, and has softened her heart, and has brought the child round to our way of thinking. She has consented, Peter, that you should be her husband."

Peter was not so grateful perhaps as he should have been at this good news, — or rather perhaps at the manner in which the result seemed to have been achieved. Of course he knew nothing of those terribly earnest petitions which Madame Staubach had preferred to the throne of heaven on behalf of his marriage, but he did not like being told at all of any interposition from above in such a matter. He would have preferred to be assured, even though he himself might not quite have believed the assurance, that Linda had yielded to a sense of his own merits. "I am glad she has thought better of it, Madame Staubach," he said; "she is only just in time."

Madame Staubach was very nearly angry, but she reminded herself that people

cannot be crushed by rose-leaves. Peter Steinmarc was to be taken, because he was Peter Steinmarc, not because he was somebody very different, better mannered, and more agreeable.

"I don't know how that may be, Peter."

"Ah, but it is so; — only just in time, I can assure you. But 'a miss is as good as a mile; ' so we will let that pass."

"She is now ready to come down and accept your troth, and give you hers. You will remember that she is ill and weak; and, indeed, I am unwell myself. She can stay but a moment, and then, I am sure, you will leave us for to-night. The day has not been without its trouble and its toil to both of us."

"Surely," said Peter; "a word or two shall satisfy me to-night. But, Madame Staubach, I shall look to you to see that the period before our wedding is not protracted, — you will remember that." To this Madame Staubach made no answer, but slowly mounted to Linda's chamber.

Linda was already nearly dressed. She was not minded to keep her suitor waiting. Tetchen was with her, aiding her; but to Tetchen she had refused to say a single word respecting either Peter or Ludovic. Something Tetchen had heard from Madame Staubach, but from Linda she heard nothing. Linda intended to go down to the parlour, and therefore she must dress herself. As she was weak almost to fainting, she had allowed Tetchen to help her. Her aunt led her down, and there was nothing said between them as they went. At the door her aunt kissed her, and muttered some word of love. Then they entered the room together.

Peter was found standing in the middle of the chamber, with his left hand beneath his waistcoat, and his right hand free for the performance of some graceful salutation. "Linda," said he, as soon as he saw the two ladies standing a few feet away from him, "I am glad to see you down-stairs again, — very glad. I hope you find yourself better." Linda muttered, or tried to mutter, some words of thanks; but nothing was audible. She stood hanging upon her aunt, with eyes turned down, and her limbs trembling beneath her. "Linda," continued Peter, "your aunt tells me that you have accepted my offer. I am very glad of it. I will be a good husband to you, and I hope you will be an obedient wife."

"Linda," said Madame Staubach, "put your hand in his." Linda put forth her little hand a few inches, and Peter took it within his own, looking the while into Madame Staubach's face, as though he were to repeat some form of words after her. "You

are now betrothed in the sight of God, as man and wife," said Madame Staubach; "and may the married life of both of you be passed to His glory. — Amen."

"Amen," said Steinmarc, like the parish clerk. Linda pressed her lips close together, so that there should be no possibility of a chance sound passing from them.

"Now, I think we will go back again, Peter, as the poor child can hardly stand." Peter raised no objection, and then Linda was conducted back again to her bed. There was one comfort to her in the remembrance of the scene. She had escaped the dreaded contamination of a kiss.

LINES.

*Addressed by a husband to his wife on the Eve
of their golden wedding.*

We are coming to a close, dear love,
We are coming to a close,
Our thoughts must be above, dear love,
We are coming to a close.

The race of life is passing, love,
We are coming to a close,
The years gone by are warnings, love,
We are coming to a close.

The past seems but a dream, dear love,
We are coming to a close,
'Tis now our strengthening tie, dear love,
We are coming to a close.

The golden rite will tell us, love,
We are coming to a close,
The fifty years of wedlock! — love
We are coming to a close.

— *Newport Mercury.*

In the death of the elder Mr. Doyle — father to the graceful and facile artist whose "Pips his Diary" and "Brown, Jones, and Robinson" have won him such well-deserved fame — British humorous art has sustained a very great loss. Mr. Doyle was the celebrated "H. B.," a political caricaturist, whose works, from 1829 to 1840, aroused a degree of interest in England which more than once approached the proportions of a *furor*. "H. B." took up George IV. where George Cruikshank left him; but he treated the "first gentleman in Europe" with a little more clemency than had been shown him in "Dr. Stop," the "House that Jack built," and the "Green Bag." Lithography had been but recently invented by Aloys Senefelder when "H. B." first entered the lists

of pencilled politics; and his earliest performances were careless chalk sketches on stone; but in the course of his ten or twelve years' career, his cartoons — always published by Mr. Thomas M'Lean, of the Haymarket — became more elaborate. Some of the latest were really beautiful specimens of tinted lithography. "H. B.'s" likenesses were wonderful; and he was always less a caricaturist than a vigorous delineator of characteristics. His Sir Robert Peel, his Disraeli, his Emperor Nicholas at Ascot races, his Duke of Wellington, his Lord Carlisle have never been equalled. — *Public Opinion.*

Once a Week is reduced in price, and its editorship is surrendered by Mr. Walford to Mr. Dallas, to whom Mr. Bradbury was introduced in Paris. The new series of *Once a Week* contains a poem of Mr. Tennyson's, for which, according to the *Guardian*, a hundred guineas were paid. We hope not. It is very poor. Some postaster, some discomfited Close has been writing a spiteful letter to the Laureate, and he actually deigns to answer it in verse. Here is a stanza, the last: —

"O summer leaf, isn't life as brief?

But this is the time of hollies.

And my heart, my heart, is an evergreen:

I hate the spites and the follies."

It would be well for Mr. Tennyson if he declined to notice the "spites" of minor versifiers and the bribes of editors. He has been induced to send a convy of verses called "The Victim" to *Good Words*. So poor are they that the reader at once identifies the "Victim" with the editor. — *Press and St. James's Chronicle.* [We are of the same opinion as our contemporary about the worthlessness of the Laureate's latest productions. We think, however, "the spiteful letter" had its origin entirely in Mr. Tennyson's imagination.]

CHAPTER XII.

AUTUMNAL PROSPECTS.

THE session went on very calmly after the opening battle which ousted Lord De Terrier and sent Mr. Mildmay back to the Treasury,—so calmly that Phineas Finn was unconsciously disappointed, as lacking that excitement of contest to which he had been introduced in the first days of his parliamentary career. From time to time certain waspish attacks were made by Mr. Daubeney, now on this Secretary of State and now on that; but they were felt by both parties to mean nothing; and as no great measure was brought forward, nothing which would serve by the magnitude of its interests to divide the liberal side of the House into factions, Mr. Mildmay's Cabinet was allowed to hold its own in comparative peace and quiet. It was now July,—the middle of July,—and the member for Loughshane had not yet addressed the House. How often he had meditated, doing so; how he had composed his speeches walking round the Park on his way down to the House; how he got his subjects up,—only to find on hearing them discussed that he really knew little or nothing about them; how he had his arguments and almost his very words taken out of his mouth by some other member; and lastly, how he had actually been deterred from getting upon his legs by a certain tremour of blood round his heart when the moment for rising had come,—of all this he never said a word to any man. Since that last journey to county Mayo, Laurence Fitzgibbon had been his most intimate friend, but he said nothing of all this even to Laurence Fitzgibbon. To his other friend, Lady Laura Standish, he did explain something of his feelings, not absolutely describing to her the extent of hindrance to which his modesty had subjected him, but letting her know that he had his qualms as well as his aspirations. But as Lady Laura always recommended patience, and more than once expressed her opinion that a young member would be better to sit in silence at least for one session, he was not driven to the mortification of feeling that he was incurring her contempt by his bashfulness. As regarded the men among whom he lived, I think he was almost annoyed at finding that no one seemed to expect that he should speak. Barrington Erle, when he had first talked of sending Phineas down to Loughshane, had predicted for him all manner of parliamentary successes, and had expressed the warmest admiration of the manner in which Phineas had discussed this or

that subject at the Union. "We have not above one or two men in the House who can do that kind of thing," Barrington Erle had once said. But now no allusions whatever were made to his powers of speech, and Phineas in his modest moments began to be more amazed than ever that he should find himself seated in that chamber.

To the forms and technicalities of parliamentary business he did give close attention, and was unremitting in his attendance. On one or two occasions he ventured to ask a question of the Speaker, and as the words of experience fell into his ears, he would tell himself that he was going through his education,—that he was learning to be a working member, and perhaps to be a statesman. But his regrets with reference to Mr. Low and the dingy chambers in Old Square were very frequent; and had it been possible for him to undo all that he had done, he would often have abandoned to some one else the honour of representing the electors of Loughshane.

But he was supported in all his difficulties by the kindness of his friend, Lady Laura Standish. He was often in the House in Portman Square, and was always received with cordiality,—and, as he thought, almost with affection. She would sit and talk to him, sometimes saying a word about her brother and sometimes about her father, as though there were more between them than the casual intimacy of London acquaintance. And in Portman Square he had been introduced to Miss Effingham, and had found Miss Effingham to be—very nice. Miss Effingham had quite taken to him, and he had danced with her at two or three parties, talking always, as he did so, about Lady Laura Standish.

"I declare, Laura, I think your friend Mr. Finn is in love with you," Violet said to Lady Laura one night.

"I don't think that. He is fond of me, and so am I of him. He is so honest, and so naive without being awkward! And then he is undoubtedly clever."

"And so uncommonly handsome," said Violet.

"I don't know that that makes much difference," said Lady Laura.

"I think it does if a man looks like a gentleman as well."

"Mr. Finn certainly looks like a gentleman," said Lady Laura.

"And no doubt is one," said Violet. "I wonder whether he has got any money."

"Not a penny, I should say."

"How does such a man manage to live?"

There are so many men like that, and they are always mysteries to me. I suppose he'll have to marry an heiress."

"Whoever gets him will not have a bad husband," said Lady Laura Standish.

Phineas during the summer had very often met Mr. Kennedy. They sat on the same side of the House, they belonged to the same club, they dined together more than once in Portman Square, and on one occasion Phineas had accepted an invitation to dinner sent to him by Mr. Kennedy himself. "A slower affair I never saw in my life," he said afterwards to Laurence Fitzgibbon. "Though there were two or three men there who talk everywhere else, they could not talk at his table." "He gave you good wine, I should say," said Fitzgibbon, "and let me tell you that that covers a multitude of sins." In spite, however, of all these opportunities for intimacy, now, nearly at the end of the session, Phineas had hardly spoken a dozen words to Mr. Kennedy, and really knew nothing whatsoever of the man, as one friend,—or even as one acquaintance knows another. Lady Laura had desired him to be on good terms with Mr. Kennedy, and for that reason he had dined with him. Nevertheless he disliked Mr. Kennedy, and felt quite sure that Mr. Kennedy disliked him. He was therefore rather surprised when he received the following note:—

Albany Z 3, July 17, 186—.

"MY DEAR MR. FINN,

"I shall have some friends at Loughlinter next month, and should be very glad if you will join us. I will name the 16th August. I don't know whether you shoot, but there are grouse and deer.

"Yours truly,

"ROBERT KENNEDY."

What was he to do? He had already begun to feel rather uncomfortable at the prospect of being separated from all his new friends as soon as the session should be over. Laurence Fitzgibbon had asked him to make another visit to County Mayo, but that he had declined. Lady Laura had said something to him about going abroad with her brother, and since that there had sprung up a sort of intimacy between him and Lord Chiltern; but nothing had been fixed about this foreign trip, and there were pecuniary objections to it which put it almost out of his power. The Christmas holidays he would of course pass with his family at Killaloe, but he hardly liked the idea of hurrying off to Killaloe immediately the session should be over. Everybody

around him seemed to be looking forward to pleasant leisure doings in the country. Men talked about grouse, and of the ladies at the houses to which they were going and of the people whom they were to meet. Lady Laura had said nothing of her own movements for the early autumn, and no invitation had come to him to go to the Earl's country house. He had already felt that every one would depart and that he would be left,—and this had made him uncomfortable. What was he to do with the invitation from Mr. Kennedy? He disliked the man, and had told himself half a dozen times that he despised him. Of course he must refuse it. Even for the sake of the scenery, and the grouse, and the pleasant party, and the feeling that going to Loughlinter in August would be the proper sort of thing to do, he must refuse it! But it occurred to him at last that he would call in Portman Square before he wrote his note.

"Of course you will go," said Lady Laura, in her most decided tone.

"And why?"

"In the first place it is civil in him to ask you, and why should you be uncivil in return?"

"There is nothing uncivil in not accepting a man's invitation," said Phineas.

"We are going," said Lady Laura, and I can only say that I shall be disappointed if you do not go too. Both Mr. Gresham and Mr. Monk will be there, and I believe they have never stayed together in the same house before. I have no doubt there are a dozen men on your side of the House who would give their eyes to be there. Of course you will go."

Of course he did go. The note accepting Mr. Kennedy's invitation was written at the Reform Club within a quarter of an hour of his leaving Portman Square. He was very careful in writing to be not more familiar or more civil than Mr. Kennedy had been to himself, and then he signed himself "Yours truly, Phineas Finn." But another proposition was made to him, and a most charming proposition, during the few minutes that he remained in Portman Square. "I am so glad," said Lady Laura, "because I can now ask you to run down to us at Saulsby for a couple of days on your way to Loughlinter. Till this was fixed I couldn't ask you to come all the way to Saulsby for two days; and there won't be room for more between our leaving London and starting to Loughlinter." Phineas swore that he would have gone if it had been but for one hour, and if Saulsby

had been twice the distance. "Very well; come on the 13th and go on the 15th. You must go on the 15th, unless you choose to stay with the housekeeper. And remember, Mr. Finn, we have got no grouse at Saulsby." Phineas declared that he did not care a straw for grouse.

There was another little occurrence which happened before Phineas left London, and which was not altogether so charming as his prospects at Saulsby and Loughlinter. Early in August, when the session was still incomplete, he dined with Laurence Fitzgibbon at the Reform Club. Laurence had specially invited him to do so, and made very much of him on the occasion. "By George, my dear fellow," Laurence said to him that morning, "nothing has happened to me this session that has given me so much pleasure as your being in the House. Of course there are fellows with whom one is very intimate and of whom one is very fond,—and all that sort of thing. But most of these Englishmen on our side are such cold fellows; or else they are like Ratler and Barrington Erle, thinking of nothing but politics. And then as to our own men,—there are so many of them one can hardly trust! That's the truth of it. Your being in the House has been such a comfort to me!" Phineas, who really liked his friend Laurence, expressed himself very warmly in answer to this, and became affectionate, and made sundry protestations of friendship which were perfectly sincere. Their sincerity was tested after dinner, when Fitzgibbon, as they two were seated on a sofa in the corner of the smoking-room, asked Phineas to put his name to the back of a bill for two hundred and fifty pounds at six months' date.

"But, my dear Laurence," said Phineas, "two hundred and fifty pounds is a sum of money utterly beyond my reach."

"Exactly, my dear boy, and that's why I've come to you. D'ye think I'd have asked anybody who by any impossibility might have been made to pay any thing for me?"

"But what's the use of it then?"

"All the use in the world. It's for me to judge of the use, you know. Why, d'ye think I'd ask it if it wasn't of use? I'll make it of use, my boy. And take my word, you'll never hear about it again. It's just a forestalling of my salary; that's all. I wouldn't do it till I saw that we were at least safe for six months to come." Then Phineas Finn with many misgivings, with much inward hatred of himself for his own

weakness, did put his name on the back of the bill which Laurence Fitzgibbon had prepared for his signature.

CHAPTER XIII.

SAULSBY WOOD.

"So you won't come to Moydrum again?" said Laurence Fitzgibbon to his friend.

"Not this autumn, Laurence. Your father would think that I want to live there."

"Bedad, it's my father would be glad to see you,—and the oftener the better."

"The fact is, my time is filled up."

"You're not going to be one of the party at Loughlinter?"

"I believe I am. Kennedy asked me, and people seem to think that everybody is to do what he bids them."

"I should think so too. I wish he had asked me. I should have thought it as good as a promise of an under-secretaryship. All the Cabinet are to be there. I don't suppose he ever had an Irishman in his house before. When do you start?"

"Well;—on the 12th or 13th. I believe I shall go to Saulsby on my way."

"The devil you will. Upon my word, Phineas, my boy, you're the luckiest fellow I know. This is your first year, and you're asked to the two most difficult houses in England. You have only to look out for an heiress now. There is little Vi Effingham;—she is sure to be at Saulsby. Good-bye, old fellow. Don't you be in the least unhappy about the bill. I'll see to making that all right."

Phineas was rather unhappy about the bill; but there was so much that was pleasant in his cup at the present moment, that he resolved, as far as possible, to ignore the bitter of that one ingredient. He was a little in the dark as to two or three matters respecting these coming visits. He would have liked to have taken a servant with him; but he had no servant, and felt ashamed to hire one for the occasion. And then he was in trouble about a gun, and the paraphernalia of shooting. He was not a bad shot at snipe in the bogs of county Clare, but he had never even seen a gun used in England. However, he bought himself a gun,—with other paraphernalia, and took a license for himself, and then groaned over the expense to which he found that his journey would subject him.

And at last he hired a servant for the occasion. He was intensely ashamed of himself when he had done so, hating himself, and telling himself that he was going to the devil headlong. And why had he done it? Not that Lady Laura would like him the better, or that she would care whether he had a servant or not. She probably would know nothing of his servant. But the people about her would know, and he was foolishly anxious that the people about her should think that he was worthy of her.

Then he called on Mr. Low before he started. "I did not like to leave London without seeing you," he said; "but I know you will have nothing pleasant to say to me."

"I shall say nothing unpleasant certainly. I see your name in the divisions, and I feel a sort of envy myself."

"Any fool could go into a lobby," said Phineas.

"To tell you the truth, I have been gratified to see that you have had the patience to abstain from speaking till you had looked about you. It was more than I expected from your hot Irish blood. Going to meet Mr. Gresham and Mr. Monk, — are you? Well, I hope you may meet them in the Cabinet some day. Mind you come and see me when Parliament meets in February."

Mrs. Bunce was delighted when she found that Phineas had hired a servant; but Mr. Bunce predicted nothing but evil from so vain an expense. "Don't tell me; where is it to come from? He ain't no richer because he's in Parliament. There ain't no wages. M. P. and M. T., — whereby Mr. Bunce, I fear, meant empty, — "are pretty much alike when a man hasn't a fortune at his back." "But he's going to stay with all the lords in the Cabinet," said Mrs. Bunce, to whom Phineas, in his pride, had confided perhaps more than was necessary. "Cabinet indeed," said Bunce; "if he'd stick to chambers, and let alone cabinets, he'd do a deal better. Given up his rooms, has he, — till February? He don't expect we're going to keep them empty for him!"

Phineas found that the house was full at Saulsby, although the sojourn of the visitors would necessarily be so short. There were three or four there on their way to Loughlinter, like himself, — Mr. Bonteen and Mr. Ratler, with Mr. Palliser, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and his wife, — and there was Violet Effingham, who, however, was not going to Loughlinter.

"No, indeed," she said to our hero, who on the first evening had the pleasure of taking her in to dinner, "unfortunately I haven't a seat in Parliament, and therefore I am not asked."

"Lady Laura is going."

"Yes; — but Lady Laura has a Cabinet Minister in her keeping. I've only one comfort; — you'll be awfully dull."

"I daresay it would be very much nicer to stay here," said Phineas.

"If you want to know my real mind," said Violet, "I would give one of my little fingers to go. There will be four Cabinet Ministers in the house, and four un-Cabinet Ministers, and half a dozen other members of Parliament, and there will be Lady Glencora Palliser, who is the best fun in the world; and, in point of fact, it's the thing of the year. But I am not asked. You see I belong to the Baldock faction, and we don't sit on your side of the House. Mr. Kennedy thinks that I should tell secrets."

Why on earth had Mr. Kennedy invited him, Phineas Finn, to meet four Cabinet Ministers and Lady Glencora Palliser? He could only have done so at the instance of Lady Laura Standish. It was delightful for Phineas to think that Lady Laura cared for him so deeply; but it was not equally delightful when he remembered how very close must be the alliance between Mr. Kennedy and Lady Laura, when she was thus powerful with him.

At Saulsby Phineas did not see much of his hostess. When they were making their plans for the one entire day of this visit, she said a soft word of apology to him. "I am so busy with all these people, that I hardly know what I am doing. But we shall be able to find a quiet minute or two at Loughlinter, — unless, indeed, you intend to be on the mountains all day. I suppose you have brought a gun like everybody else?"

"Yes; — I have brought a gun. I do shoot; but I am not an inveterate sportsman."

On that one day there was a great riding party made up, and Phineas found himself mounted, after luncheon, with some dozen other equestrians. Among them were Miss Effingham and Lady Glencora, Mr. Ratler and the Earl of Brentford himself. Lady Glencora, whose husband was, as has been said, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and who was still a young woman, and a very pretty woman, had taken lately very strongly to politics, which she discussed among men and women of both parties with something more

than ordinary audacity. "What a nice, happy, lazy time you've had of it since you've been in," said she to the Earl.

"I hope we have been more happy than lazy," said the Earl.

"But you've done nothing. Mr. Palliser has twenty schemes of reform, all mature; but among you you've not let him bring in one of them. The Duke and Mr. Mildmay and you will break his heart among you."

"Poor Mr. Palliser!"

"The truth is, if you don't take care he and Mr. Monk and Mr. Gresham will arise and shake themselves, and turn you all out."

"We must look to ourselves, Lady Glencora."

"Indeed, yes; — or you will be known to all posterity as the faincant government."

"Let me tell you, Lady Glencora, that a faincant government is not the worst government that England can have. It has been the great fault of our politicians that they have all wanted to do something."

"Mr. Mildmay is at any rate innocent of that charge," said Lady Glencora.

They were now riding through a vast wood, and Phineas found himself delightfully established by the side of Violet Effingham. "Mr. Ratler has been explaining to me that he must have nineteen next session. Now, if I were you, Mr. Finn, I would decline to be counted up in that way as one of Mr. Ratler's sheep."

"But what am I to do?"

"Do something on your own hook. You men in Parliament are so much like sheep! If one jumps at a gap, all go after him, — and then you are penned into lobbies, and then you are fed, and then you are fleeced. I wish I were in Parliament. I'd get up in the middle and make such a speech. You all seem to me to be so much afraid of one another that you don't quite dare to speak out. Do you see that cottage there?"

"What a pretty cottage it is!"

"Yes; — is it not? Twelve years ago I took off my shoes and stockings and had them dried in that cottage, and when I got back to the house I was put to bed for having been out all day in the wood."

"Were you wandering about alone?"

"No, I wasn't alone. Oswald Standish was with me. We were children then. Do you know him?"

"Lord Chiltern; — yes, I know him. He and I have been rather friends this year."

"He is very good; — is he not?"

"Good, — in what way?"

"Honest and generous!"

"I know no man who I believe to be more so."

"And he is clever?" asked Miss Effingham.

"Very clever. That is, he talks very well if you will let him talk after his own fashion. You would always fancy that he was going to eat you; — but that is his way."

"And you like him?"

"Very much."

"I am so glad to hear you say so."

"Is he a favourite of yours, Miss Effingham?"

"Not now, — not particularly. I hardly ever see him. But his sister is the best friend I have, and I used to like him so much when he was a boy! I have not seen that cottage since that day, and I remember it as though it were yesterday. Lord Chiltern is quite changed, is he not?"

"Changed, — in what way?"

"They used to say that he was — unsteady you know."

"I think he is changed. But Chiltern is at heart a Bohemian. It is impossible not to see that at once. He hates the decencies of life."

"I suppose he does," said Violet. "He ought to marry. If he were married, that would all be cured; — don't you think so?"

"I cannot fancy him with a wife," said Phineas. "There is a savagery about him which would make him an uncomfortable companion for a woman."

"But he would love his wife?"

"Yes, as he does his horses. And he would treat her well, — as he does his horses. But he expects every horse he has to do anything that any horse can do; and he would expect the same of his wife."

Phineas had no idea how deep an injury he might be doing his friend by this description, nor did it once occur to him that his companion was thinking of herself as the possible wife of this Red Indian. Miss Effingham rode on in silence for some distance, and then she said but one word more about Lord Chiltern. "He was so good to me in that cottage."

On the following day the party at Saulsby was broken up, and there was a regular pilgrimage towards Loughlinter. Phineas resolved upon sleeping a night at Edinburgh on his way, and he found himself joined in the bands of close companionship with Mr. Ratler for the occasion. The evening was by no means thrown away, for he learned much of his trade from Mr. Rat-

ler. And Mr. Ratler was heard to declare afterwards at Loughlinter that Mr. Finn was a pleasant young man.

It soon came to be admitted by all who knew Phineas Finn that he had a peculiar power of making himself agreeable which no one knew how to analyse or define. "I think it is because he listens so well," said one man. "But the women would not like him for that," said another. "He has studied when to listen and when to talk," said a third. The truth, however, was that Phineas Finn had made no study in the matter at all. It was simply his nature to be pleasant.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOUGHLINTER.

PHINEAS FINN reached Loughlinter together with Mr. Ratler in a post-chaise from the neighbouring town. Mr. Ratler, who had done this kind of thing very often before, travelled without impediments, but the new servant of our hero's was stuck outside with the driver, and was in the way. "I never bring a man with me," said Mr. Ratler to his young friend. "The servants of the house like it much better, because they get fee'd; you are just as well waited on, and it don't cost half as much." Phineas blushed as he heard all this; but there was the impediment, not to be got rid of for the nonce, and Phineas made the best of his attendant. "It's one of those points," said he, "as to which a man never quite makes up his mind. If you bring a fellow, you wish you hadn't brought him; and if you don't, you wish you had." "I'm a great deal more decided in my ways than that," said Mr. Ratler.

Loughlinter, as they approached it, seemed to Phineas to be a much finer place than Saulsby. And so it was, except that Loughlinter wanted that graceful beauty of age which Saulsby possessed. Loughlinter was all of cut stone, but the stones had been cut only yesterday. It stood on a gentle slope, with a greensward falling from the front entrance down to a mountain lake. And on the other side of the Lough there rose a mighty mountain to the skies, Ben Linter. At the foot of it, and all round to the left, there ran the woods of Linter, stretching for miles through crags and bogs and mountain lands. No better ground for deer than the side of Ben Linter was there in all those highlands. And the Linter, rushing down into the Lough through rocks

which, in some places, almost met together above its waters, ran so near to the house that the pleasant noise of its cataracts could be heard from the hall door. Behind the house the expanse of drained park land seemed to be interminable; and then, again, came the mountains. There were Ben Linn and Ben Lody; — and the whole territory belonged to Mr. Kennedy. He was laird of Linn and laird of Linter, as his people used to say. And yet his father had walked into Glasgow as a little boy, — no doubt with the normal half-crown in his breeches' pocket.

"Magnificent; — is it not?" said Phineas to the Treasury Secretary, as they were being driven up to the door.

"Very grand; — but the young trees show the new man. A new man may buy a forest; but he can't get park trees."

Phineas, at the moment, was thinking how far all these things which he saw, the mountains stretching everywhere around him, the castle, the lake, the river, the wealth of it all, and, more than the wealth, the nobility of the beauty, might act as temptations to Lady Laura Standish. If a woman were asked to have the half of all this, would it be possible that she should prefer to take the half of his nothing? He thought it might be possible for a girl who would confess, or seem to confess, that love should be everything. But it could hardly be possible for a woman who looked at the world almost as a man looked at it, — as an oyster to be opened with such weapon as she could find ready to her hand. Lady Laura professed to have a care for all the affairs of the world. She loved politics, and could talk of social science, and had broad ideas about religion, and was devoted to certain educational views. Such a woman would feel that wealth was necessary to her, and would be willing, for the sake of wealth, to put up with a husband without romance. Nay; might it not be that she would prefer a husband without romance? Thus Phineas was arguing to himself as he was driven up to the door of Loughlinter Castle, while Mr. Ratler was eloquent on the beauty of old park trees. "After all, a Scotch forest is a very scrubby sort of thing," said Mr. Ratler.

There was nobody in the house, — at least, they found nobody; and within half an hour Phineas was walking about the grounds by himself. Mr. Ratler had declared himself to be delighted at having an opportunity of writing letters, — and no doubt was writing them by the dozen, all dated from Loughlinter, and all detailing the

facts that Mr. Gresham, and Mr. Monk, and Plantagenet Palliser, and Lord Brentford were in the same house with him. Phineas had no letters to write, and therefore rushed down across the broad lawn to the river, of which he heard the noisy tumbling waters. There was something in the air which immediately filled him with high spirits; and, in his desire to investigate the glories of the place, he forgot that he was going to dine with four Cabinet Ministers in a row. He soon reached the stream, and began to make his way up it through the ravine. There was waterfall over waterfall, and there were little bridges here and there which looked to be half natural and half artificial, and a path which required that you should climb, but which was yet a path, and all was so arranged that not a pleasant splashing rush of the waters was lost to the visitor. He went on and on, up the stream, till there was a sharp turn in the ravine, and then, looking upwards, he saw above his head a man and a woman standing together on one of the little half-made wooden bridges. His eyes were sharp, and he saw at a glance that the woman was Lady Laura Standish. He had not recognised the man, but he had very little doubt that it was Mr. Kennedy. Of course it was Mr. Kennedy, because he would prefer that it should be any other man under the sun. He would have turned back at once if he had thought that he could have done so without being observed; but he felt sure that, standing as they were, they must have observed him. He did not like to join them. He would not intrude himself. So he remained still, and began to throw stones into the river. But he had not thrown above a stone or two when he was called from above. He looked up; and then he perceived that the man who called him was his host. Of course it was Mr. Kennedy. Thereupon he ceased to throw stones, and went up the path, and joined them upon the bridge. Mr. Kennedy stepped forward, and bade him welcome to Loughlinter. His manner was less cold, and he seemed to have more words at command than was usual with him. "You have not been long," he said, "in finding out the most beautiful spot about the place."

"Is it not lovely?" said Lady Laura. "We have not been here an hour yet, and Mr. Kennedy insisted on bringing me here." "It is wonderfully beautiful," said Phineas.

"It is this very spot where we now stand that made me build the house where it is," said Mr. Kennedy, "and I was only eigh-

teen when I stood here and made up my mind. That is just twenty-five years ago." "So he is forty-three," said Phineas to himself, thinking how glorious it was to be only twenty-five. "And within twelve months," continued Mr. Kennedy, "the foundations were being dug and the stone-cutters were at work."

"What a good-natured man your father must have been," said Lady Laura.

"He had nothing else to do with his money but to pour it over my head, as it were. I don't think he had any other enjoyment of it himself. Will you go a little higher, Lady Laura? We shall get a fine view over to Ben Linn just now." Lady Laura declared that she would go as much higher as he chose to take her, and Phineas was rather in doubt as to what it would become him to do. He would stay where he was, or go down, or make himself to vanish after any most acceptable fashion; but if he were to do so abruptly it would seem as though he were attributing something special to the companionship of the other two. Mr. Kennedy saw his doubt, and asked him to join them. "You may as well come on, Mr. Finn. We don't dine till eight, and it is not much past six yet. The men of business are all writing letters, and the ladies who have been travelling are in bed, I believe."

"Not all of them, Mr. Kennedy," said Lady Laura. Then they went on with their walk very pleasantly, and the lord of all that they surveyed took them from one point of vantage to another, till they both swore that of all spots upon the earth Loughlinter was surely the most lovely. "I do delight in it, I own," said the lord. "When I come up here alone, and feel that in the midst of this little bit of a crowded island I have all this to myself,—all this with which no other man's wealth can interfere,—I grow proud of my own, till I become thoroughly ashamed of myself. After all, I believe it is better to dwell in cities than in the country,—better, at any rate, for a rich man." Mr. Kennedy had now spoken more words than Phineas had heard to fall from his lips during the whole time that they had been acquainted with each other.

"I believe so too," said Laura, "if one were obliged to choose between the two. For myself, I think that a little of both is good for man and woman."

"There is no doubt about that," said Phineas.

"No doubt as far as enjoyment goes," said Mr. Kennedy.

He took them up out of the ravine on to

the side of the mountain, and then down by another path through the woods to the back of the house. As they went he relapsed into his usual silence, and the conversation was kept up between the other two. At a point not very far from the castle, — just so far that one could see by the break of the ground where the castle stood, Kennedy left them. "Mr. Finn will take you back in safety, I am sure," said he, "and, as I am here, I'll go up to the farm for a moment. If I don't show myself now and again when I am here, they think I'm indifferent about the 'bestials.'"

"Now, Mr. Kennedy," said Lady Laura, "you are going to pretend to understand all about sheep and oxen." Mr. Kennedy, owning that it was so, went away to his farm, and Phineas with Lady Laura returned towards the house. "I think, upon the whole," said Lady Laura, "that that is as good a man as I know."

"I should think he is an idle one," said Phineas.

"I doubt that. He is, perhaps, neither zealous nor active. But he is thoughtful and high-principled, and has a method and a purpose in the use which he makes of his money. And you see that he has poetry in his nature too, if you get him upon the right string. How fond he is of the scenery of this place!"

"Any man would be fond of that. I'm ashamed to say that it almost makes me envy him. I certainly never have wished to be Mr. Robert Kennedy in London, but I should like to be the Laird of Loughlinter."

"'Laird of Linn and Laird of Linter, — Here in summer, gone in winter.' There is some ballad about the old lairds; but that belongs to a time when Mr. Kennedy had not been heard of, when some branch of the Mackenzies lived down at that wretched old tower which you see as you first come upon the lake. When old Mr. Kennedy bought it there were hardly a hundred acres on the property under cultivation."

"And it belonged to the Mackenzies."

"Yes; — to the Mackenzie of Linn, as he was called. It was Mr. Kennedy, the old man, who was first called Loughlinter. That is Linn Castle, and they lived there for hundreds of years. But these Highlanders, with all that is said of their family pride, have forgotten the Mackenzies already, and are quite proud of their rich landlord."

"That is unpoetical," said Phineas.

"Yes; — but then poetry is so usually false. I doubt whether Scotland would not have been as prosaic a country as any under the sun but for Walter Scott; — and I

have no doubt that Henry V. owes the romance of his character altogether to Shakspeare."

"I sometimes think you despise poetry," said Phineas.

"When it is false I do. The difficulty is to know when it is false and when it is true. Tom Moore was always false."

"Not so false as Byron," said Phineas with energy.

"Much more so, my friend. But we will not discuss that now. Have you seen Mr. Monk since you have been here?"

"I have seen no one. I came with Mr. Ratler."

"Why with Mr. Ratler? You cannot find Mr. Ratler a companion much to your taste."

"Chance brought us together. But Mr. Ratler is a man of sense, Lady Laura, and is not to be despised."

"It always seems to me," said Lady Laura, "that nothing is to be gained in politics by sitting at the feet of the little Gamaliels."

"But the great Gamaliels will not have a novice on their foot-stools."

"Then sit at no man's feet. Is it not astonishing that the price generally put upon any article by the world is that which the owner puts on it? — and that this is specially true of a man's own self? If you herd with Ratler, men will take it for granted that you are a Ratlerite, and no more. If you consort with Greshams and Pallisers, you will equally be supposed to know your own place."

"I never knew a Mentor," said Phineas, "so apt as you are to fill his Telemachus with pride."

"It is because I do not think your fault lies that way. If it did, or if I thought so, my Telemachus, you may be sure that I should resign my position as Mentor. Here are Mr. Kennedy and Lady Glencora and Mrs. Gresham on the steps." Then they went up through the Ionic columns on to the broad stone terrace before the door, and there they found a crowd of men and women. For the legislators and statesmen had written their letters, and the ladies had taken their necessary rest.

Phineas, as he was dressing, considered deeply all that Lady Laura had said to him, — not so much with reference to the advice which she had given him, though that also was of importance, as to the fact that it had been given by her. She had first called herself his Mentor; but he had accepted the name and had addressed her as her Telemachus. And yet he believed

himself to be older than she, — if, indeed, there was any difference in their ages. And was it possible that a female Mentor should love her Telemachus, — should love him as Phineas desired to be loved by Lady Laura? He would not say that it was impossible. Perhaps there had been mistakes between them; — a mistake in his manner of addressing her, and another in hers of addressing him. Perhaps the old bachelor of forty-three was not thinking of a wife. Had this old bachelor of forty-three been really in love with Lady Laura, would he have allowed her to walk home alone with Phineas, leaving her with some flimsy pretext of having to look at his sheep? Phineas resolved that he must at any rate play out his game, — whether he were to lose it or to win it; and in playing it he must, if possible, drop something of that Mentor and Telemachus style of conversation. As to the advice given him of herding with Greshams and Pallisers, instead of with Ratlers and Fitzgibbons, — he must use that as circumstances might direct. To him, himself, as he thought of it all, it was sufficiently astonishing that even the Ratlers and Fitzgibbons should admit him among them as one of themselves. "When I think of my father and of the old house at Killaloe, and remember that hitherto I have done nothing myself, I cannot understand how it is that I should be at Loughlinter." There was only one way of understanding it. If Lady Laura really loved him, the riddle might be read.

The rooms at Loughlinter were splendid, much larger and very much more richly furnished than those at Saulsby. But there was a certain stiffness in the movement of things, and perhaps in the manner of some of those present, which was not felt at Saulsby. Phineas at once missed the grace and prettiness and cheery audacity of Violet Effingham, and felt at the same time that Violet Effingham would be out of her element at Loughlinter. At Loughlinter they were met for business. It was at least a semi-political, or perhaps rather a semi-official gathering, and he became aware that he ought not to look simply for amusement. When he entered the drawing-room before dinner, Mr. Monk and Mr. Palliser, and Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Gresham, with sundry others, were standing in a wide group before the fireplace, and among them were Lady Glencora Palliser and Lady Laura and Mrs. Bonteen. As he approached them it seemed as though a sort of opening was made for himself; but he could see, though

others did not, that the movement came from Lady Laura.

"I believe, Mr. Monk," said Lady Glencora, "that you and I are the only two in the whole party who really know what we would be at."

"If I must be divided from so many of my friends," said Mr. Monk, "I am happy to go astray in the company of Lady Glencora Palliser."

"And might I ask," said Mr. Gresham, with a peculiar smile for which he was famous, "what it is that you and Mr. Monk are really at?"

"Making men and women all equal," said Lady Glencora. "That I take to be the gist of our political theory."

"Lady Glencora, I must cry off," said Mr. Monk.

"Yes; — no doubt. If I were in the Cabinet myself I should not admit so much. There are reticences, — of course. And there is an official discretion."

"But you don't mean to say, Lady Glencora, that you would really advocate equality?" said Mrs. Bonteen.

"I do mean to say so, Mrs. Bonteen. And I mean to go further, and to tell you that you are no Liberal at heart unless you do so likewise; — unless that is the basis of your political aspirations."

"Pray let me speak for myself, Lady Glencora."

"By no means, — not when you are criticising me and my politics. Do you not wish to make the lower orders comfortable?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Bonteen.

"And educated, and happy, and good?"

"Undoubtedly."

"To make them as comfortable and as good as yourself?"

"Better if possible."

"And I'm sure you wish to make yourself as good and as comfortable as anybody else, — as those above you, if anybody is above you? You will admit that?"

"Yes; — if I understand you."

"Then you have admitted everything, and are an advocate for general equality, — just as Mr. Monk is, and as I am. There is no getting out of it; — is there, Mr. Kennedy?" Then dinner was announced, and Mr. Kennedy walked off with the French Republican on his arm. As she went, she whispered into Mr. Kennedy's ear, "You will understand me. I am not saying that people are equal; but that the tendency of all law-making and of all governing should be to reduce the inequalities." In answer

to which Mr. Kennedy said not a word. Lady Glencora's politics were too fast and furious for his nature.

A week passed by at Loughlinter, at the end of which Phineas found himself on terms of friendly intercourse with all the political magnates assembled in the house, but especially with Mr. Monk. He had determined that he would not follow Lady Laura's advice as to his selection of companions, if in doing so he should be driven even to a seeming of intrusion. He made no attempt to sit at the feet of anybody, and would stand aloof when bigger men than himself were talking, and was content to be less, — as indeed he was less, — than Mr. Bonteen or Mr. Ratler. But at the end of a week he found that, without any effort on his part, — almost in opposition to efforts on his part, — he had fallen into an easy pleasant way with these men which was very delightful to him. He had killed a stag in company with Mr. Palliser, and had stopped beneath a crag to discuss with him a question as to the duty on Irish malt. He had played chess with Mr. Gresham, and had been told that gentleman's opinion on the trial of Mr. Jefferson Davis. Lord Brentford had — at last — called him Finn, and had proved to him that nothing was known in Ireland about sheep. But with Mr. Monk he had had long discussions on abstract questions in politics, — and before the week was over was almost disposed to call himself a disciple, or, at least, a follower of Mr. Monk. Why not of Mr. Monk as well as of any one else? Mr. Monk was in the Cabinet, and of all the members of the Cabinet was the most advanced Liberal. "Lady Glencora was not so far wrong the other night," Mr. Monk said to him. "Equality is an ugly word and shouldn't be used. It misleads, and frightens, and is a bugbear. And she, in using it, had not perhaps a clearly defined meaning for it in her own mind. But the wish of every honest man should be to assist in lifting up those below him, till they be something nearer his own level than he finds them." To this Phineas assented, — and by degrees he found himself assenting to a great many things that Mr. Monk said to him.

Mr. Monk was a thin, tall, gaunt man, who had devoted his whole life to politics, hitherto without any personal reward beyond that which came to him from the reputation of his name, and from the honour of a seat in Parliament. He was one of four or five brothers, — and all besides him were in trade. They had prospered in trade,

whereas he had prospered solely in politics; and men said that he was dependent altogether on what his relatives supplied for his support. He had now been in Parliament for more than twenty years, and had been known not only as a Radical but as a Democrat. Ten years since, when he had risen to fame, but not to repute, among the men who then governed England, nobody dreamed that Joshua Monk would ever be a paid servant of the Crown. He had inveighed against one minister after another as though they all deserved impeachment. He had advocated political doctrines which at that time seemed to be altogether at variance with any possibility of governing according to English rules of government. He had been regarded as a pestilent thorn in the sides of all ministers. But now he was a member of the Cabinet, and those whom he had terrified in the old days began to find that he was not so much unlike other men. There are but few horses whom you cannot put into harness, and those of the highest spirit will generally do your work the best.

Phineas, who had his eyes about him, thought that he could perceive that Mr. Palliser did not shoot a deer with Mr. Ratler, and that Mr. Gresham played no chess with Mr. Bonteen. Bonteen, indeed, was a noisy pushing man whom nobody seemed to like, and Phineas wondered why he should be at Loughlinter, and why he should be in office. His friend Laurence Fitzgibbon had indeed once endeavoured to explain this. "A man who can vote hard, as I call it; and who will speak a few words now and then as they're wanted, without any ambition that way, may always have his price. And if he has a pretty wife into the bargain, he ought to have a pleasant time of it." Mr. Ratler no doubt was a very useful man, who thoroughly knew his business; but yet, as it seemed to Phineas, no very great distinction was shown to Mr. Ratler at Loughlinter. "If I got as high as that," he said to himself, "I should think myself a miracle of luck. And yet nobody seems to think anything of Ratler. It is all nothing unless one can go to the very top."

"I believe I did right to accept office," Mr. Monk said to him one day, as they sat together on a rock close by one of the little bridges over the Linter. "Indeed, unless a man does so when the bonds of the office tendered to him are made compatible with his own views, he declines to proceed on the open path towards the prosecution of those views. A man who is combating one ministry after another, and striving to

imbue those ministers with his convictions, can hardly decline to become a minister himself when he finds that those convictions of his own are henceforth, — or at least for some time to come, — to be the ministerial convictions of the day. Do you follow me?"

"Very clearly," said Phineas. "You would have denied your own children had you refused."

"Unless indeed a man were to feel that he was in some way unfitted for office work. I very nearly provided for myself an escape on that plea; — but when I came to sift it, I thought that it would be false. But let me tell you that the delight of political life is altogether in opposition. Why, it is freedom against slavery, fire against clay, movement against stagnation! The very inaccuracy which is permitted to opposition is in itself a charm worth more than all the patronage and all the prestige of ministerial power. You'll try them both, and then say if you do not agree with me. Give me the full swing of the benches below the gangway, where I needed to care for no one, and could always enjoy myself on my legs as long as I felt that I was true to those who sent me there! That is all over now. They have got me into harness, and my shoulders are sore. The oats, however, are of the best, and the hay is unexceptionable."

CHAPTER XV.

DONALD BEAN'S PONY.

PHINEAS liked being told that the pleasures of opposition and the pleasures of office were both open to him, — and he liked also to be the chosen receptacle of Mr. Monk's confidence. He had come to understand that he was expected to remain ten days at Loughlinter, and that then there was to be a general movement. Since the first day he had seen but little of Mr. Kennedy, but he had found himself very frequently with Lady Laura. And then had come up the question of his projected trip to Paris with Lord Chiltern. He had received a letter from Lord Chiltern.

"DEAR FINN,

"Are you going to Paris with me?"

"Yours, C."

There had been not a word beyond this, and before he answered it he made up his mind to tell Lady Laura the truth. He

could not go to Paris because he had no money.

"I've just got that from your brother," said he.

"How like Oswald. He writes to me perhaps three times in the year, and his letters are just the same. You will go I hope?"

"Well; — no."

"I am sorry for that."

"I wonder whether I may tell you the real reason, Lady Laura."

"Nay; — I cannot answer that; but unless it be some political secret between you and Mr. Monk, I should think you might."

"I cannot afford to go to Paris this autumn. It seems to be a shocking admission to make, — though I don't know why it should be."

"Nor I; — but, Mr. Finn, I like you all the better for making it. I am very sorry, for Oswald's sake. It's so hard to find any companion for him whom he would like and whom we, — that is I, — should think altogether —; you know what I mean, Mr. Finn."

"Your wish that I should go with him is a great compliment, and I thoroughly wish that I could do it. As it is, I must go to Killaloe and retrieve my finances. I dare say, Lady Laura, you can hardly conceive how very poor a man I am." There was a melancholy tone about his voice as he said this, which made her think for the moment whether or no he had been right in going into Parliament, and whether she had been right in instigating him to do so. But it was too late to recur to that question now.

"You must climb into office early, and forego those pleasures of opposition which are so dear to Mr. Monk," she said, smiling. "After all, money is an accident which does not count nearly so high as do some other things. You and Mr. Kennedy have the same enjoyment of every thing around you here."

"Yes; while it lasts."

"And Lady Glencora and I stand pretty much on the same footing, in spite of all her wealth, — except that she is a married woman. I do not know what she is worth, — something not to be counted; and I am worth — just what papa chooses to give me. A ten-pound note at the present moment I should look upon as great riches." This was the first time she had ever spoken to him of her own position as regards money; but he had heard, or thought that he had heard, that she had been left a fortune altogether independent of her father.

The last of the ten days had now come, and Phineas was discontented and almost unhappy. The more he saw of Lady Laura the more he feared that it was impossible that she should become his wife. And yet from day to day his intimacy with her became more close. He had never made love to her, nor could he discover that it was possible for him to do so. She seemed to be a woman for whom all the ordinary stages of love-making were quite unsuitable. Of course he could declare his love and ask her to be his wife on any occasion on which he might find himself to be alone with her. And on this morning he made up his mind that he would do so before the day was over. It might be possible that she would never speak to him again;—that all the pleasures and ambitious hopes to which she had introduced him might be over as soon as that rash word should have been spoken! But, nevertheless, he would speak it.

On this day there was to be a grouse-shooting party, and the shooters were to be out early. It had been talked of for some day or two past, and Phineas knew that he could not escape it. There had been some rivalry between him and Mr. Bonteen, and there was to be a sort of match as to which of the two would kill most birds before lunch. But there had also been some half promise on Lady Laura's part that she would walk with him up the Linter and come down upon the lake, taking an opposite direction from that by which they had returned with Mr. Kennedy.

"But you will be shooting all day," she said, when he proposed it to her as they were starting for the moor. The waggonet that was to take them was at the door, and she was there to see them start. Her father was one of the shooting party, and Mr. Kennedy was another.

"I will undertake to be back in time, if you will not think it too hot. I shall not see you again till we meet in town next year."

"Then I certainly will go with you,—that is to say, if you are here. But you cannot return without the rest of the party, as you are going so far."

"I'll get back somehow," said Phineas, who was resolved that a few miles more or less of mountain should not detain him from the prosecution of a task so vitally important to him. "If we start at five that will be early enough."

"Quite early enough," said Lady Laura.

Phineas went off to the mountains, and shot his grouse, and won his match, and eat his luncheon. Mr. Bonteen, however, was

not beaten by much, and was in consequence somewhat ill-humoured. "I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Bonteen, "I'll back myself for the rest of the day for a ten-pound note."

Now there had been no money staked on the match at all,—but it had been simply a trial of skill, as to which would kill the most birds in a given time. And the proposition for that trial had come from Mr. Bonteen himself. "I should not think of shooting for money," said Phineas.

"And why not? A bet is the only way to decide these things."

"Partly because I'm sure I shouldnt hit a bird," said Phineas, "and partly because I haven't got any money to lose."

"I hate bets," said Mr. Kennedy to him afterwards. "I was annoyed when Bonteen offered the wager. I felt sure, however, you would not accept it."

"I suppose such bets are very common."

"I don't think men ought to propose them unless they are quite sure of their company. Maybe I'm wrong, and I often feel that I am strait-laced about such things. It is so odd to me that men cannot amuse themselves without pitting themselves against each other. When a man tells me that he can shoot better than I, I tell him that my keeper can shoot better than he."

"All the same, it's a good thing to excel," said Phineas.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Mr. Kennedy. "A man who can kill more salmon than anybody else, can rarely do any thing else. Are you going on with your match?"

"No; I'm going to make my way back to Loughlinter."

"Not alone?"

"Yes, alone."

"It's over nine miles. You can't walk it."

Phineas looked at his watch, and found that it was now two o'clock. It was a broiling day in August, and the way back to Loughlinter, for six or seven out of the nine miles, would be along a high road. "I must do it all the same," said he, preparing for a start. "I have an engagement with Lady Laura Standish; and as this is the last day that I shall see her, I certainly do not mean to break it."

"An engagement with Lady Laura," said Mr. Kennedy. "Why did you not tell me, that I might have a pony ready? But come along. Donald Bean has a pony. He's not much bigger than a dog, but he'll carry you to Loughlinter."

"I can walk it, Mr. Kennedy."

"Yes; and think of the state in which you'd reach Loughlinter! Come along with me."

"But I can't take you off the mountain," said Phineas.

"Then you must allow me to take you off."

So Mr. Kennedy led the way down to Donald Bean's cottage, and before three o'clock Phineas found himself mounted on a shaggy steed, which, in sober truth, was not much bigger than a large dog. "If Mr. Kennedy is really my rival," said Phineas to himself, as he trotted along, "I almost think that I am doing an unhandsome thing in taking the pony."

At five o'clock he was under the portico before the front door, and there he found Lady Laura waiting for him, — waiting for him or at least ready for him. She had on her hat and gloves and light shawl, and her parasol was in her hand. He thought that he had never seen her look so young, so pretty, and so fit to receive a lover's vows. But at the same moment it occurred to him that she was Lady Laura Standish, the daughter of an Earl, the descendant of a line of Earls, — and that he was the son of a simple country doctor in Ireland. Was it fitting that he should ask such a woman to be his wife? But then Mr. Kennedy was the son of a man who had walked into Glasgow with half-a-crown in his pocket. Mr. Kennedy's grandfather had been, — Phineas thought that he had heard that Mr. Kennedy's grandfather had been a Scotch drover; whereas his own grandfather had been a little squire near Ennistimon, in County Clare, and his own first cousin once removed still held the paternal acres at Finn Grove. His family was supposed to be descended from kings in that part of Ireland. It certainly did not become him to fear Lady Laura on the score of rank, if it was to be allowed to Mr. Kennedy to proceed without fear on that head. As to wealth, Lady Laura had already told him that her fortune was no greater than his. Her statement to himself on that head made him feel that he should not hesitate on the score of money. They neither had any, and he was willing to work for both. If she feared the risk, let her say so.

It was thus that he argued with himself; but yet he knew, — knew as well as the reader will know, — that he was going to do that which he had no right to do. It might be very well for him to wait, — presuming him to be successful in his love, — for the opening of that oyster with his political sword, that oyster on which he proposed

that they should both live; but such waiting could not well be to the taste of Lady Laura Standish. It could hardly be pleasant to her to look forward to his being made a junior lord or an assistant secretary before she could establish herself in her home. So he told himself. And yet he told himself at the same time that it was incumbent on him to persevere.

"I did not expect you in the least," said Lady Laura.

"And yet I spoke very positively."

"But there are things as to which a man may be very positive, and yet may be allowed to fail. In the first place, how on earth did you get home?"

"Mr. Kennedy got me a pony, — Donald Bean's pony."

"You told him, then?"

"Yes; I told him why I was coming, and that I must be here. Then he took the trouble to come all the way off the mountain to persuade Donald to lend me his pony. I must acknowledge that Mr. Kennedy has conquered me at last."

"I'm so glad of that," said Lady Laura. "I knew he would, — unless it were your own fault."

Then they went up the path by the brook, from bridge to bridge, till they found themselves out upon the open mountain at the top. Phineas had resolved that he would not speak out his mind till he found himself on that spot; that then he would ask her to sit down, and that while she was so seated he would tell her everything. At the present moment he had on his head a Scotch cap with a grouse's feather in it, and he was dressed in a velvet shooting-jacket and dark knickerbockers; and was certainly, in this costume, as handsome a man as any woman would wish to see. And there was, too, a look of breeding about him which had come to him, no doubt, from the royal Finns of old, which ever served him in great stead. He was, indeed, only Phineas Finn, and was known by the world to be no more; but he looked as though he might have been anybody, — a royal Finn himself. And then he had that special grace of appearing to be altogether unconscious of his own personal advantages. And I think that in truth he was barely conscious of them; that he depended on them very little, if at all; that there was nothing of personal vanity in his composition. He had never indulged in any hope that Lady Laura would accept him because he was a handsome man.

"After all that climbing," he said, "will you not sit down for a moment?" As he

spoke to her she looked at him and told herself that he was as handsome as a god. "Do sit down for one moment," he said. "I have something that I desire to say to you, and to say it here."

"I will," she said; "but I also have something to tell you, and will say it while I am yet standing. Yesterday I accepted an offer of marriage from Mr. Kennedy."

"Then I am too late," said Phineas, and putting his hands into the pockets of his coat, he turned his back upon her, and walked away across the mountain.

What a fool he had been to let her know his secret when her knowledge of it could be of no service to him,—when her knowledge of it could only make him appear foolish in her eyes! But for his life he could not have kept his secret to himself. Nor now could he bring himself to utter a word of even decent civility. But he went on walking as though he could thus leave her there, and never see her again. What an ass he had been in supposing that she cared for him! What a fool to imagine that his poverty could stand a chance against the wealth of Loughlinter! But why had she lured him on? How he wished that he were now grinding, hard at work in Mr. Low's chambers, or sitting at home at Killaloe with the hand of that pretty little Irish girl within his own!

Presently he heard a voice behind him,—calling him gently. Then he turned and found that she was very near him. He himself had then been standing still for some moments, and she had followed him. "Mr. Finn," she said.

"Well;—yes: what is it?" And turning round he made an attempt to smile.

"Will you not wish me joy, or say a word of congratulation? Had I not thought much of your friendship, I should not have been so quick to tell you of my destiny. No one else has been told, except papa."

"Of course I hope you will be happy. Of course I do. No wonder he lent me the pony!"

"You must forget all that."

"Forget what?"

"Well,—nothing. You need forget nothing," said Lady Laura, "for nothing has been said that need be regretted. Only wish me joy, and all will be pleasant."

"Lady Laura, I do wish you joy, with all my heart;—but that will not make all things pleasant. I came up here to ask you to be my wife."

"No;—no, no; do not say it."

"But I have said it, and will say it again. I, poor, penniless, plain simple fool that I

am, have been ass enough to love you, Lady Laura Standish; and I brought you up here to-day to ask you to share with me—my nothingness. And this I have done on soil that is to be all your own. Tell me that you regard me as a conceited fool,—as a bewildered idiot."

"I wish to regard you as a dear friend,—both of my own and of my husband," said she, offering him her hand.

"Should I have had a chance, I wonder, if I had spoken a week since?"

"How can I answer such a question, Mr. Finn? Or, rather, I will answer it fully. It is not a week since we told each other, you to me and I to you, that we were both poor,—both without other means than those which come to us from our fathers. You will make your way;—will make it surely; but how at present could you marry any woman unless she had money of her own? For me,—like so many other girls, it was necessary that I should stay at home or marry some one rich enough to dispense with fortune in a wife. The man whom in all the world I think the best has asked me to share everything with him;—and I have thought it wise to accept his offer."

"And I was fool enough to think that you loved me," said Phineas. To this she made no immediate answer. "Yes, I was. I feel that I owe it to you to tell you what a fool I have been. I did. I thought you loved me. At least I thought that perhaps you loved me. It was like a child wanting the moon;—was it not?"

"And why should I not have loved you?" she said slowly, laying her hand gently upon his arm.

"Why not? Because Loughlinter"—

"Stop, Mr. Finn; stop. Do not say to me any unkind word that I have not deserved, and that would make a breach between us. I have accepted the owner of Loughlinter as my husband, because I verily believe that I shall thus best do my duty in that sphere of life to which it has pleased God to call me. I have always liked him, and I will love him. For you,—may I trust myself to speak openly to you?"

"You may trust me as against all others, except us two ourselves."

"For you, then, I will say also that I have always liked you since I knew you; that I have loved you as a friend;—and could have loved you otherwise had not circumstances showed me so plainly that it would be unwise."

"Oh, Lady Laura!"

"Listen a moment. And pray remember that what I say to you now must never be

repeated to any ears. No one knows it but my father, my brother, and Mr. Kennedy. Early in the spring I paid my brother's debts. His affection to me is more than a return for what I have done for him. But when I did this, — when I made up my mind to do it, I made up my mind also that I could not allow myself the same freedom of choice which would otherwise have belonged to me. Will that be sufficient, Mr. Finn?"

"How can I answer you, Lady Laura? Sufficient! And you are not angry with me for what I have said?"

"No, I am not angry. But it is understood, of course, that nothing of this shall ever be repeated, — even among ourselves. Is that a bargain?"

"Oh, yes. I shall never speak of it again."

"And now you will wish me joy?"

"I have wished you joy, Lady Laura. And I will do so again. May you have every blessing which the world can give you. You cannot expect me to be very jovial for awhile myself; but there will be nobody to see my melancholy moods. I shall be hiding myself away in Ireland. When is the marriage to be?"

"Nothing has been said of that. I shall be guided by him, — but there must, of course, be delay. There will be settlements and I know not what. It may probably be in the spring, — or perhaps the summer. I shall do just what my betters tell me to do."

Phineas had now seated himself on the exact stone on which he had wished her to sit when he proposed to tell his own story, and was looking forth upon the lake. It seemed to him that every thing had been changed for him while he had been up there upon the mountain, and that the change had been marvellous in its nature. When he had been coming up, there had been apparently two alternatives before him: the glory of successful love, — which, indeed, had seemed to him to be a most improbable result of the coming interview, — and the despair and utter banishment attendant on disdainful rejection. But his position was far removed from either of these alternatives. She had almost told him that she would have loved him had she not been poor, — that she was beginning to love him and had quenched her love, because it had become impossible to her to marry a poor man. In such circumstances he could not be angry with her, — he could not quarrel with her; he could not do other than swear to himself that he would be her

friend. And yet he loved her better than ever; — and she was the promised wife of his rival! Why had not Donald Bean's pony broken his neck?

"Shall we go down now?" she said.

"Oh, yes."

"You will not go on by the lake?"

"What is the use? It is all the same now. You will want to be back to receive him in from shooting."

"Not that, I think. He is above those little cares. But it will be as well we should go the nearest way, as we have spent so much of our time here. I shall tell Mr. Kennedy that I have told you, — if you do not mind."

"Tell him what you please," said Phineas.

"But I won't have it taken in that way, Mr. Finn. Your brusque want of courtesy to me I have forgiven, but I shall expect you to make up for it by the alacrity of your congratulations to him. I will not have you uncourteous to Mr. Kennedy."

"If I have been uncourteous I beg your pardon."

"You need not do that. We are old friends, and may take the liberty of speaking plainly to each other; — but you will owe it to Mr. Kennedy to be gracious. Think of the pony."

They walked back to the house together, and as they went down the path very little was said. Just as they were about to come out upon the open lawn, while they were still under cover of the rocks and shrubs, Phineas stopped his companion by standing before her, and then he made his farewell speech to her.

"I must say good-bye to you. I shall be away early in the morning."

"Good-bye, and God bless you," said Lady Laura.

"Give me your hand," said he. And she gave him her hand. "I don't suppose you know what it is to love dearly."

"I hope I do."

"But to be in love! I believe you do not. And to miss your love! I think, — I am bound to think that you have never been so tormented. It is very sore; — but I will do my best, like a man, to get over it."

"Do, my friend, do. So small a trouble will never weigh heavily on shoulders such as yours."

"It will weigh very heavily, but I will struggle hard that it may not crush me. I have loved you so dearly! As we are parting, give me one kiss, that I may think of it and treasure it in my memory?" What

murmuring words she spoke to express her refusal of such a request, I will not quote; but the kiss had been taken before the denial was completed, and then they walked on in silence together, — and in peace, towards the house.

On the next morning six or seven men were going away, and there was an early breakfast. There were none of the ladies there, but Mr. Kennedy, the host, was among his friends. A large drag with four horses was there to take the travellers and their luggage to the station, and there was naturally a good deal of noise at the front door as the preparations for the departure were made. In the middle of them Mr. Kennedy took our hero aside. "Laura has told me," said Mr. Kennedy, "that she has acquainted you with my good fortune."

"And I congratulate you most heartily," said Phineas, grasping the other's hand. "You are indeed a lucky fellow."

"I feel myself to be so," said Mr. Kennedy. "Such a wife was all that was wanting to me, and such a wife is very hard to find. Will you remember, Finn, that Loughlinter will never be so full but what there will be a room for you, or so empty but what you will be made welcome. I say this on Lady Laura's part, and on my own."

Phineas, as he was being carried away to the railway station, could not keep himself from speculating as to how much Kennedy knew of what had taken place during the walk up the Linter. Of one small circumstance that had occurred, he felt quite sure that Mr. Kennedy knew nothing.

THE RELEASE.

THE Apostle slept; a light shone in the prison;
An angel touched his side;
"Arise," he said; and quickly he hath risen,
His fettered arms untied.

The watchers saw no light at midnight gleaming,
They heard no sound of feet;
The gates fly open; and the saint, still dreaming,
Stands free upon the street.

So, when the Christian's eyelid droops and closes
In nature's parting strife,
A friendly angel stands where he reposes,
To wake him up to life.

He gives a gentle blow; and so releases
The spirit from its clay;
From sin's temptations and from life's distresses
He bids it come away.

It rises up; and, from its darksome mansion,
It takes its silent flight;

And feels its freedom in the large expansion
Of heavenly air and light.

Behind, it hears Time's iron gates close faintly:
It now is far from them;
For it has reached the city of the saintly —
The New Jerusalem.

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he has gone where the redeemed are keeping
A festival above.

The mourners throng the way, and from the steeple
The funeral bell tolls slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro.

And saying, as they meet, "Rejoice; another,
Long waited for, is come;"
The Saviour's heart is glad; a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's home.

— J. D. Burns.

From The Spectator.

THE CREED OF THE ROYAL CASTE.

THE *John Bull*, a very respectable but rather dull paper, which just now acts as organ of the high-and-dry branch of the English Church, is greatly exercised by the Queen's Journal, accuses Her Majesty of having embraced Presbyterianism, hints that she was brought up without a faith, says openly that she married a Presbyterian — which is about as true as to say that she married a Dissenter — and wants a posse of Bishops to send in an affectionate remonstrance, certainly a sufficient punishment for any lapse from orthodoxy even in a Sovereign.

It is no concern of ours to defend Her Majesty from an attack which will injure neither her popularity nor her peace, and which is in spirit curiously unfair; the Queen, in all her published writings, and in all of her life known to the public, showing traces of deep religious sentiment and of a faith which must be nearer akin to that of Mr. Maurice than to that of any Calvinistic Church; but the article suggests the query, — On what ground does the high-and-dry school expect an English Sovereign to be a strict member of the Church of England? Is it her original baptism into that faith? That, surely, would make it equally immoral for any other person so baptized to entertain an idea not contained in the English Prayer-Book. Is it the coronation oath? That binds her to "maintain" the Protestant religion, a religion which admits already of about twenty different forms of religious expression, and even Protestantism she is only bound to maintain, and not personally to believe. Is it because she is Head of the Church? She is Head of the Presbyterian Church also. A constitutional Sovereign may be head of a church without accepting its tenets, just as she may be the head of the State, and yet allow Whig and Tory by turns to guide the nation into policies which she regards as imprudent, or even wrong. The headship of the Crown is, in these days at least, merely the formal expression of the right of the nation, which is all, to rule the Church, which is only part, a right which it exercises whenever it settles the ownership of a chapel according to the creed of its claimants, just as much as when it decrees a new dogma or a new form of ordination for the priesthood. Is it on the ground of kingship? The natural belief of a king, that is, the one to which his position would of itself most incline his mind, would, if he

were an earnest man, be Theism; or if an indolent one, Atheism of the type which holds all religions false, but all useful for mankind. The poccourante scepticism, critical and careless, indifferent to anything not offensive to its taste or restrictive to its action, which is the usual religious attitude of an aristocracy, is very seldom indeed observed in Sovereigns. We hardly recognize one of that type in history, unless it be Henry IV. of France, who was an aristocrat rather than a ruler, a man who enjoyed rather than one who strove. Events press too closely on Kings for this form of infidelity; everything is too real and too big about them; they feel, if decent persons, too keenly the need of support from the Being who, they can see, is always baffling or forwarding what appear to them to be very great designs. People with whom life is severe are rarely mere sceptics, and life is severe to Kings, and especially to absolute Kings, who are apt to betray, moreover, that sympathy with intense volition which often rises in themselves, as it rose in nearly every Roman Caesar, almost to insanity. Atheists of the sneering type they have often been, and will often be, for nothing conduces to atheism like a clear insight into the hopelessness of human affairs, the incessant though temporary victory of fraud, and chicane, and violence over justice, and none see this like Kings. The utter absurdity of their own position, too, is sure to strike them sooner or later, and suggest that the power which makes them earthly Providences must surely be blind chance. A feeling of that kind seems never to have quitted Frederick the Great, and has been openly expressed by absolute rulers from the day of Marcus Aurelius to that of Alexander I. of Russia. Of course, being Kings, they see the utility of creeds in keeping nations quiet, and tend, therefore, gradually to develop into that worst type of infidel — the only one to which we should apply the word — who believes nothing, but holds the priest to be at once the most efficient and the cheapest policeman, who invokes God in proclamations that people may pay taxes without distrust, and sends soldiers to die singing psalms to a God he nevertheless denies. Our own impression is very strong that Francis I. was a man of this type, and certainly Frederick of Prussia was.

Or is it, perchance, on the special circumstances of the Queen's position that the High Church relies? That position is a very curious one. The Queen, by descent, marriage, and all other circumstances not strictly geographical, is a member of the

Royal Caste of Europe, the mighty family, or rather clan, which for centuries has ruled this quarter of the world, and bids fair, unless America overshadows them all, ultimately to rule the remainder. The creed of that great clan, as a clan, would naturally be peculiar, and such we believe it to have become. There is scarcely a Prince left in Europe, indeed there is but one, who is tempted by the sort of electric pressure subjects exert on monarchs to be very bigoted. The Czar is supported mainly by Greek Christians, he is himself Patriarch, his best allies are co-religionists in the South, and he does, therefore, often become exceedingly and genuinely bigoted to the national Church. But the King of Sweden is a Catholic ruling Protestants, the Protestant King of Prussia hopes half his subjects will be Catholics, the Catholic Emperor of the French is the heir of the "infidel" Revolution, the Catholic Kaiser is dictated to by a Parliament of Darwinians, the Catholic King of Italy is at war with the Pope, the Catholic King of Belgium has to keep up an internecine strife with priests, the Protestant Queen of England reigns over ten millions of Catholics, fifteen millions of Mohammedans, and more than 150 millions of Hindoos. Every one of them is more or less bothered and worried by priestly pretensions, which, being beyond treatment by force, gall Sovereigns, until even a man like the late Ferdinand of Naples can call the Pope, as he did, "a meddling shaveling." The women of the Caste are still more strongly influenced to Liberalism, for they have to stand prepared to embrace any faith their future husbands may choose, to be Protestant in England, Greek in Russia, Lutheran in Denmark, and it may well be Catholic in Bavaria. The Coburgs in especial, whose business for years has been marriage, keep up two creeds, so to speak, officially, and a third privately, so that the family may be ready for any turn of fortune. At the same time the Caste is a great cousinhood, with many personal friendships, and still more personal acquaintanceships, is brought into habitual contact on business, and finds in the intercourse of life that one Prince, whatever his creed, is, apart from personal character, very much like another Prince, that is, eager to win his game. It is impossible that, under such circumstances, attachment to any special forms, more especially ecclesiastical forms, should long continue to exist, and we suspect that it is very rare. The Queen of Spain seems to be a genuine Ritualist; but with that exception, we doubt if there is a

Sovereign in Europe who would sacrifice his civil list to protect any ecclesiastical organization or outside religious form whatsoever. Certainly Francis Joseph will not, and he has done the very most he could to show that he was a genuine Ultramontane, and he was carefully and specially trained by Jesuits. If his Parliament desires Protestant institutions it will, for him, have Protestant institutions; while it will not have the control of the Army, even if it wants it quite as much. The Kaiser will risk all for that, but not for Rome. It is wonderful that, with so many temptations to indifference, there should still be in Princes so much piety as is occasionally found; not wonderful at all that it should take its usual form, that of a deep sentiment, unfettered by reverence for forms or ordinances. Hardly any other would, under the pressure of such influences, be possible, certainly no other would be consistent with the duties a monarch owes to a composite people. A Lutheran King of Holland who thought that in paying Lutherans and Catholic priests alike he was committing sin would morally be bound to abdicate, as George IV. would have been if he had really believed what he said he believed about Catholic Emancipation. It is well that the Queen should be, as we fully believe her to be, a personally pious woman, full of deep reverence alike for God and Christ, impressed almost to excess with a sense of duty, but indifferent to forms, and with the contempt of all cultivated minds for Sabbatarianism and external observances of that kind. That seems to us the true attitude for an English monarch. We could scarcely conceive a greater burden on the nation than a Sovereign earnestly Ritualistic, assisting at daily mass, or decorating the Chapel Royal with crucifixes, unless indeed it were a Sovereign of the English Calvinist type, rejecting all Bishops unlike Dr. Bickersteth, urging laws against heretics, and holding all Irishmen of the old faith predestined to endless flames. Is that, perchance, what the *John Bull* wants? because if not, it might be as well to abstain from exciting religious prejudice against a Queen whose theology, be it what it will — and it is clearly a Christian one — has produced a life which has done more to raise the English ideal than that of any Sovereign either of her own dynasty or that which it succeeded.

CENTRE OF GRAVITY. — A Judge in Court.

From The Spectator.

DISTANCE OF THE SUN.

A NEW Estimate of the Sun's Distance reminds us that this important astronomical element still remains unsatisfactorily determined. The discovery made, not many years ago, that the accepted value of the sun's distance was some three millions of miles too great, was reluctantly admitted by astronomers. It was easy, indeed, to show that they might justly be proud of having determined the sun's distance even within this apparently enormous range of error. But none the less, it was unpleasant to have to admit that they had largely over-valued the accuracy of their calculations — or rather of the observations on which their estimates had been founded.

That astronomers should have been in error on this point, and yet that astronomy should be spoken of as the most exact of the sciences, may seem perplexing to those who are not familiar with the true quality of that exactness which is sought after by astronomers. It resembles in a sort the accuracy of the horologist's art. We know that this is in no way dependent on the scale upon which clocks or watches may be constructed. The great hands which sweep over the dial-plate of a cathedral clock, and the delicate hands of a pocket chronometer, are equally well adapted to indicate the flight of time. And, in like manner, the *scale* of the Solar system might have been many times greater or many times less than it actually is, and yet the planets would have swept on their stately courses precisely as at present.

It may not be amiss to point out briefly what is the nature of the problem astronomers have sought to solve : —

Imagine a prisoner confined within a room which has a single circular window, only six inches in diameter. Suppose him to be provided with accurate instruments, and conceive that directly in front of the window, and somewhat more than a mile off, there is an object — say a steeple — whose distance he wishes to determine. Then a moment's consideration will show that whatever the accuracy of his instruments, and whatever his skill in using them, yet, with his base line of only six inches, he could not expect an error of less than at least half a mile in his result.

The position of such a prisoner corresponds closely with that of the inhabitants of the earth, limited to their little globe, less than 8,000 miles in diameter, as a base from which to estimate the distance of the sun, upwards of ninety millions of miles away.

But in some respects our prisoner is better situated than the inhabitants of the earth. A single observer, using, in one place, a single set of instruments, is not troubled with the numerous important considerations which affect the value of the work done in two observatories situated on opposite sides of the earth. Different observers — each with his peculiar, perhaps variable, "personal equation" — must be employed; or else a single observer, having completed a series of observations in one hemisphere, must commence a new series (when, perhaps, important changes may have occurred in his observing qualities) in another. Different instruments, each with its peculiar "instrumental equation," must be employed, or else the same instrument must be transported at the risk of all sorts of changes in its performance from one to another hemisphere of the globe. Differences of climate have also to be considered. And, in fact, the attempt to obtain any approach to a knowledge of the sun's distance simply by making use of a base line on our small earth may be pronounced absolutely hopeless.

Now, to return for a moment to our prisoner. If there were objects intervening between him and the steeple, and if he had by any means obtained a certain knowledge of the *relative* distances of the steeple and of these objects, it is clear his power over his problem would be greatly increased. Let the reader look from opposite sides of a window at objects unequally distant but nearly in the same direction, and he will immediately see the sort of use our prisoner might make of the knowledge we have spoken of. He may not, indeed, know the exact mathematical principles involved in the problem, nor would this be the place to explain them, but he will see that there is something tangible and appreciable in the new form of observation.

Now, the observer on earth has, at long intervals, an opportunity of grasping at some such aids as we have conceived available to our prisoner. Venus and Mercury occasionally pass between the Earth and Sun, and by observing their transits carefully from different parts of the earth, astronomers have been able to gain juster conceptions of the sun's distance than they could otherwise have obtained. All the difficulties, however, which we have mentioned above are involved in the solution of this form, also, of the problem.

Yet, with no other aid, and with the comparatively inefficient instruments of the last century, astronomers managed to determine the sun's distance with what may fairly be

termed wonderful accuracy—certainly within one-thirtieth part of the true distance. This is as if our prisoner should determine the steeple's distance within fifty or sixty yards.

But the astronomers of the present day, using a variety of delicate methods, into whose nature we need not here enter, have arrived at more trustworthy results. It is hoped that during the transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882 these results may be improved upon. Yet, even now, we may note as a great achievement of modern science the following series of values, differing little (proportionately) among themselves, though well separated from the old determination, 95,274,000 miles:—The German astronomer Hansen, making use of a peculiarity in the moon's motion as a guide, was led to the value 91,700,000 miles; Stone, of the Greenwich Observatory, was led by the same means (only the peculiarity was estimated by other instruments), to the value 92,400,000 miles. Winnecke and Stone, from observations of Mars, obtained, respectively, the values 91,300,000 miles and 91,500,000 miles. Estimates founded on a comparison of the velocity of light as determined by the experiments of Fizeau and Foucault with the astronomical determination, give a value of 91,500,000 miles. A method employed by Leverrier, and founded on a peculiarity of the earth's motion, gives 91,600,000 miles. And lastly, the new estimate obtained by Mr. Simon Newcombe (U. S.), founded on observations of Mars in 1862, make the sun's distance 92,400,000 miles. The mean of these values is 91,771,000 miles, or nearly 630,000 miles less than the greatest estimate.

From the above results it will be seen that astronomers over-estimated the accuracy of their calculations, when they expressed the sun's distance as if it were known correctly within a thousand miles. But we may justly wonder at the results recorded. Returning to our illustrative prisoner, it is as if his estimates of the steeple's distance differed from their mean by less than fourteen yards.

From The Leader.

THE MYSTERY OF DARKNESS.

THE weirdest manifestation of the spiritual influence to which the human body is subjected is to be found in the expression of a blind person's face. If you want to arrive at a real understanding of the mysterious life within life which surrounds us, and

which is upon us, search studiously the lineaments of the blind, and you will then know what kind of hidden force is the soul that has wrought so ineffable an expression. The natural air of a blind face is that of repose. It is right that this should be; for we believe silence to be with darkness, and peace to be with silence. There are few faces that have light, upon which in their hours of repose may not be found an expression as of hungeriness, waxing fainter or more powerful as we search down the gradations of intellect. Life communicates to the eyes of those that can see a light which beams upon you with a sense of want—an expression of unrest—a thirsty desire to solve fresh mysteries. The suggestiveness of being finds a reflected inquisitiveness in the open eyes of men. Take the meanest eyes that ever gazed upon the enduring glories of God's universe, and, keenly scrutinising them, you will read as it were an intelligence incorporated with their own normal consciousness, which stamps on the face a thirstiness not to be found on the face of the blind. This incorporated intelligence is the knowledge of things inspired by the world's show. It has slid into the expression of their eyes unknown to themselves. It lives within the light of the eyes like the memories with which some glances are pregnant. It is the life of the eye that is twofold; firstly, the light with which it has been created; secondly, the light which it has had communicated. This second light is the deeper mystery. By it the expression of the lineaments is stated, and because this light is the embodied, deep inquisitiveness inspired by the suggestiveness of the surrounding life, so the faces of those who are not blind have ever upon them an expression of desire which grows with the time through which they live.

The peace interpenetrating the lineaments of the blind is the fruit of the silence which is upon their spirits through the darkness with which they are encompassed. A sense of this surpassing peace is only communicated to you when you watch the blind in the hour of their repose. The sounds of life, the accents of human voices, the murmur of innumerable things will agitate this repose; and at such times its weird beauty is without impressiveness. There are periods when repose will descend upon the spirit like a sense of sleep; it is in this slumbrous wakefulness that the true expressions of men come out, just as the images of things in water will grow visible as the agitation on the surface subsides and a calm settles upon it. Then the manifesta-

tion of the inwrought peace upon the face of the blind takes place in all its startling mystery of beauty. The yearning look which the blind sometimes wear, when you meet them in the streets or watch them listening amidst audiences, is not the true expression of their spiritual being. It is an expression that is born from a renewal of their ancient inner activity by the sounds that are about them. Their true expression is to be found in the brow which seems to shine out of the very darkness of the mind that imparts to it its wondrous peace; in the lips that are parted and motionless; because what whispers go on within are uttered in darkness, and need no movement of the lips to render their significance intelligible, for the blind do not talk to themselves; in the eyebrows which are contracted with no sense of light, no consciousness of scorn, no eagerness of knowledge, no rigour of meditation. The mystic beauty of the expression of the blind face is full of the deep poetry of pathos. It is thronged with meanings of exquisite inconsistency. It inspires the heart with the awe which the sense of darkness always inspires. It provokes all wonder, and invites no sympathy.

The seeing can have no feelings in common with the sightless — with those whose spirits seem living a life inconceivable and unknown to us who bask in the light of the all-brightening sun, find joy, and music and poetry in the flushing of flowers, the voluptuous swaying of summer trees, the hazy glory of stars and skies. The souls of the blind live the life of deep consciousness, which is self-listening, self-inspiring, self-acting, owing nothing to outer suggestions instinctive or absolute, arguing with the spiritual logic which is consequential only to itself, because it ignores all principles of positive and relative, of precedent and comparison. They live in the world of darkness, where the black skies of those who were not born blind are streaked across with the unilluminating mystic pale light of memory. In this darkness they converse with the echoes of palpable voices; they hear the vibration of incommunicable music; dreams of form and substance float before them and inspire them with all the thoughts they have. The mystery that follows the departure of light is upon them. They live and move and have their being in a weird, phantom-world of thought that has no relation with the thought of the lighted life. Their expectancy is not ours. It is the expectancy that is born, not of the sights of the world, but of things that move in darkness. Yet there are well-loved spirits that throng that limitless universe of darkness. Fa-

miliar faces, whose light is communicated by the spiritual eyes that gaze and woo, look from the impalpable profound and speak in voices whose tones resemble the innumerable moans that fill the air when we sit and think upon a summer's sleeping night. The world of blackness is still a world of love. Into darkness as well as into light the heart will carry its own beautiful affections. The new life into which the blind enter changes these affections into likenesses that bear no resemblance to our own, because they are purged, perhaps, of much of their materiality; but if they are more refined, more immaterial, more divine in their essence, they are not less strong in their hold, less inspiring in their presence, less wonderful in their creativeness. So here we behold in operation the sublime and generous law of compensation. At the sacrifice of their sweet, subduing fancies, the weirdly lovely affections, the spiritual faces, the vague array of subtle and impalpable dreams with which the blind have accustomed the world of darkness to their hearts, how many would return to the life of the light of the sun?

From *The Spectator*, Feb. 1st.

ITALY IN DANGER.

It is a most unfortunate circumstance that just as France is burning to regain her self-respect by some visible proof of her military strength, an enterprise presents itself great enough to display her power, yet not so great as to involve, as a German war would involve, indefinite or excessive risks. An invasion of Italy, intended to end in the division of the Peninsula into three — Northern, Southern, and Papal Italy — would gratify the priesthood, would satisfy the wounded pride of France, would plant near France three almost dependent States, and would seem to be a revival rather than a formal betrayal of the Napoleonic ideas. The peace of Villafranca was the Emperor's work, and he has already shed blood in the field to prevent the completion of Italian unification and to protect the Papacy, which is now intriguing in every direction not to resist, but to break up Italy. There is but too much reason to fear that such a project would be received with considerable favour in France; ever since her alliance with Prussia a kind of detestation of Italy has grown

up in French minds, a hatred as of one who has created a being likely to be too powerful for his control, a fear lest the South and the North, locking hands over the Alps, should finally prison her within her existing limits. Italy herself, with her Government discredited, her Treasury always in difficulties, her Southern Provinces honeycombed with intrigue, presents many anxieties to a ruler who either entertains or affects a permanent dread of revolutionary outbreaks. That the country itself would resist is certain, but France desires rather than fears an enemy; and men well acquainted with Neapolitan feeling affirm that the appearance of a French fleet before Naples would be the signal for a Bourbon and clerical explosion which would divert half the strength of Italy to repression. The French might not be driven out at once, and if not driven out at once, Italy, bankrupt and divided, would be compelled either to submit or to unfurl the red flag, and trust all to the resources sometimes developed by popular despair. She has little, if anything, to expect from alliances. Austria has no interest in protecting Victor Emanuel's possession of Southern Italy. Russia, which has an interest of a kind, is too far off. Prussia, which has a strong interest, seems for the moment disinclined, by protecting her ally, to risk the alienation of Catholic feeling in Germany, or to engage in a war so vast for objects so indirect. England is not ready for such a conflict, even if she had a statesman at her head who would venture, with Ireland fermenting and Parliament discredited, to appeal to the people in such a cause. Doubtless, if Italy could hold out long enough and well enough to make the issue doubtful, or if Napoleon pushed a policy of dictation into a policy of aggrandizement, Count von Bismarck might interfere; but France in motion is fearfully rapid, and Napoleon could not in any case contemplate subjugation. He knows too well what Venetia cost the Hapsburgs.

These are the views which there is too much reason to fear a party within the Tuilleries are pressing upon the Emperor, which are avowed by all clerical prints, and which have the sympathy, to say no more, of M. Thiers and those whose latent thought he always contrives to express, the war party of France. Fortunately, they have not yet prevailed with the Emperor, who is not a man to forget his attitude before the historians of the future; but we fear they assist to induce him to press a despotic, or rather a Cæsarian policy upon

Victor Emanuel. Many signs combine to prove that a *coup d'état* is under consideration, more or less serious, and that the King is trying anxiously to effect some compromise with Rome. The inherent contempt of Napoleon for Parliaments has been intensified by the voluble laziness of the Italian Chamber, and if he spares Italy, it may be on condition of sterner and more repressive administration. For the present, doubtless, the Emperor will watch; but a Bourbon movement, a street demonstration, a failure to pay the debt, anything which arouses France, may induce him to turn her new strength, to be perfected by April, against the easiest and most profitable foe. With Civita Vecchia in French hands, 550,000 Frenchmen ready for mobilization, her one ally hesitating, and her greatest province fermenting with mutually hostile opinions, Italy never had such need of steady and cautious steering, or, we may add, more to fear from the endless recriminations of the Florentine House of Commons.

From The Spectator.

SPIRITUAL WIVES.*

THE publication of this book is, we think, a decided, if not a grave, literary mistake. Mr. Hepworth Dixon has tried to perform a task forbidden by his own self-imposed conditions. He has been induced by the great popularity of his work on America, a popularity due in great measure to his accounts of societies like the Shakers, Mormons, and Free Lovers of Oneida, to throw together all the knowledge he has acquired by reading and travel of similar developments among nominally Christian communities, to write in a popular form the history of some American Revivalists, of the Muckers of East Prussia, of the Somerset Agapemone, and of one or two more sects which have adopted abnormal ideas of marriage and the relation of the sexes. The result is a book in two large volumes which will add very little to the knowledge of anybody studious in social heresies, and will be felt by everybody else to have rather a sickening effect. There is, of course, and can be, no absolute canon of literary propriety in such matters; but there are, we take it, two or three wise and widely accepted rules, the

* *Spiritual Wives*. By Hepworth Dixon. London: Hurst and Blackett.

principal of which is this:—Any public discussion of such subjects should be scientific, not literary, in tone, should be as brief as is consistent with clearness, and should be plain with a Biblical plainness as to all statements of fact. Mr. Hepworth Dixon has been compelled by the conditions of his work to disregard these principles. We entirely acquit him of any desire to do mischief of any sort, and allow freely the remarkable tact with which he has glided over very dangerous ground,—except in forgetting that German is not, like Latin, a language confined to men,—but he is essentially *littérateur*, and not *savan*, he wished to make a big book, not a brief pamphlet, and he is compelled by popular English feeling to avoid plainness, to suppress, to allude, and to colour till all simplicity of statement, and therefore all innocence, disappears. Any law reporter, for example, would have summed up in a page all that it was necessary to state about the Agapemone and its disgusting secret, would have used the plain language used every day in criminal reports, and would thus have told every thing worth knowing, without any of the fuel to unhealthy curiosity which Mr. Dixon's necessary obscurity—necessary, we mean, under his self-imposed condition of writing in a popular style—must involve. We must add that this revival and, as it were, embalming of that half-forgotten scandal in a book intended for general circulation involves a cruelty of which Mr. Dixon is, we are certain, quite unconscious. The victims as well as the deceivers in that transaction are living still, and there are at least a dozen families in which this publication will be like a sentence of death by slow poisoning to scores of entirely innocent persons—persons never inside the Agapemone in their lives.

From The Spectator.

DR. NEWMAN'S POEMS.*

It is a rare pleasure to have Dr. Newman's verses at last collected and dated for us by their author,—dated both in time and place,—from the earliest verses anterior to the publication of the *Lyra Apostolica*, to that strange and striking production of his maturest genius, which though deeply penetrated with the conceptions more or less arbitrary of the Roman Catholic

* Verses on Various Occasions. London: Burns, Oates, and Co.

Church, is still more deeply penetrated with the glory of the Beatific Vision,—the dream of Gerontius. There is but one little poem here,—but one at least to which we attach much value,—not familiar to us before; and we miss one or two of great beauty, which are suppressed, as we suppose, for the same reason which has induced their author to remodel a piece taken from the *Lyra Apostolica* on the intermediate state between death and judgment, and, by remodelling, to our ears at least to spoil it. Still, though we search in vain for one or two, and though we mark a new touch of the chisel which we would gladly spare in one or two others, we venture to think that this volume in its present shape will contribute at least as much as the *Apologia* to the true knowledge of the author's life and character, and will, besides, exert a deep and definite, if not a very wide spread, influence by the sheer force of its poetical power.

The great characteristic of Dr. Newman's finest verse,—a characteristic in which it is so strong as to make it a model even for the greatest poets in this one respect—is that combination of keen severity of outline with exquisite graduation of touch, which gives it so statuesque a character. Keeness and grace,—a sharp conception and a subtle qualification of it—these are the characteristics which, wherever they are united, give a singular charm to these verses. They are not always united. In many of the verses, especially those few sets on lighter subjects, there is no sufficient substance to draw out Dr. Newman's strength at all, and then the same quality which, in his finer poems, appears as exquisite grace, strikes one as laborious trifling. Again, there are some where the keen edge of thought or purpose gleams out as brightly as ever, but where from want of a living subject, from the nakedly doctrinal character of the theme, there is no room for that graduation of touch, that play of light and shade, which is necessary to give life to a poem. In these cases the verse will take hold probably of the intellect, but not of the imagination; it is too severe and naked for poetry,—it is metrical dogma. But where the theme is a living one, and one familiar to his imagination, we know no poetry attaining so completely the peculiar beauty of fine sculpture as Dr. Newman's, impressing so powerfully one dominant form subtly diversified by delicate lights and shadows. What is there in what we may call poetical sculpture that can surpass this single verse?—

"JUDAISM.

"(A Tragic Chorus.)

"O piteous race!
 Fearful to look upon,
 Once standing in high place,
 Heaven's eldest son.
 O aged blind!
 Unvenerable as thou flittest by,
 I liken thee to him in pagan song,
 In thy gaunt majesty,
 The vagrant King, of haughty-purposed
 mind,
 Whom prayer nor plague could bend;
 Wrong'd, at the cost of him who did the wrong,
 Accursed himself, but in his cursing strong,
 And honour'd in his end."

Or where shall we find any picture of David
 so keen and true, yet conceived from a
 point of view with so little of mere artis-
 tic conception in it, and all the more artistic
 on that very account, as this? —

"THE CALL OF DAVID.

"And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him, for this
 is he."

"Latest born of Jesse's race,
 Wonder lights thy bashful face,
 While the Prophet's gifted oil
 Seals thee for a path of toil.
 We, thy Angels, circling round thee,
 Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee,
 When thy faith first brought us near
 To quell the lion and the bear."

"Go! and mid thy flocks awhile
 At thy doom of greatness smile;
 Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
 Dimly guessing of the road, —
 Rocky road, and scarce ascended,
 Though thy foot be angel-tended."

"Twofold praise thou shalt attain,
 In royal court and battle plain;
 Then comes heart-ache, care, distress,
 Blighted hope, and loneliness;
 Wounds from friend and gifts from foe,
 Dizzied faith, and guilt, and woe;
 Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
 Gleams of wisdom sin-beguiled,
 Sated power's tyrannic mood,
 Counsels shared with men of blood,
 Sad success, parental tears,
 And a dreary gift of years."

"Strange, that guileless face and form
 To lavish on the scarring storm!
 Yet we take thee in thy blindness,
 And we buffet thee in kindness;

Little chary of thy fame, —
 Dust unborn may bless or blame, —
 But we mould thee for the root
 Of man's promised healing Fruit,
 And we mould thee hence to rise,
 As our brother, to the skies."

"Lazaret, Malta.

January 18, 1833."

(What, by the way, has induced Dr. Newman to change "harass" into "buffet" in the last verse, and, what is worse, to transform the last line of the first verse, "In thy lion-fight severe," into one so much more prosaic, and with the rhyme maimed as well? Surely the Church is not punctilious enough to insist on the bear?) When we call such verse as this poetical sculpture, we do not, of course, mean that it is capable of direct translation into sculpture. On the contrary, this is a vision of the mutations and contradictions in David's character and life, of the waning lights and growing shadows of his old age, such as no sculpture, which cannot delineate change, could possibly embody. But the same is equally true of painting, and there is a real meaning in saying that the image here of David's life and lot is rather chiselled out with a sculptor's chisel than coloured with a painter's brush. The lines of passion, sin, sorrow, and care grow on David's aging face as a sculptor would grave them, not as a painter would paint them in; they are cut into the form and substance of the character, and borrow nothing, as painting always must, from the contrast with the detail of superficial colour or temporary customs and costumes.

The differences between the poetry which catches the painter's manner of delineation and the poetry which catches the sculptor's manner of delineation, is surely this, that the former (like Tennyson's) depends upon a far larger complexity of less permanent details, lavished with an abundant hand, for its total effect; the latter rests wholly upon those more deeply channelled lines of expression which are usually incompetent to image the mood of any single moment vividly, but engrave even more powerfully, because with a greater reticence and severer reserve of manner, the scars and vestiges of a unique experience. What poetry could chisel out with firmer hand, and a more classical severity of touch, the position of Man, fully armed with science, yet helpless amid the might of the elements, than the following exquisite study for an ancient tragic chorus deepened to contain a modern faith: —

"THE ELEMENTS.

"(A Tragic Chorus.)

"Man is permitted much
 To scan and learn
 In nature's frame;
 Till he well nigh can tame
 Brute mischiefs, and can touch
 Invisible things, and turn
 All warring ills to purposes of good.
 Thus, as a god below,
 He can control,
 And harmonize, what seems amiss to flow,
 As sever'd from the whole
 And dimly understood.

"But o'er the elements
 One Hand alone,
 One Hand has sway.
 What influence day by day
 In straiter belt prevents
 The impious Ocean, thrown
 Alternate o'er the ever-sounding sounding
 shore?
 Or who has eye to trace
 How the Plague came?
 Forerun the doublings of the Tempest's race?
 Or the Air's weight and flame
 On a set scale explore?

"Thus God has will'd
 That man, when fully skill'd,
 Still gropes in twilight dim;
 Encompass'd all his hours
 By fearfulest powers
 Inflexible to him.
 That so he may discern
 His feebleness,
 And e'en for earth's success
 To Him in wisdom turn,
 Who holds for us the keys of either home,
 Earth and the world to come.

"At Sea. June 25, 1833."

It is in such pieces as these, where Dr. Newman has not only room for a great central thought, but urgent occasion to graduate it with the necessary modifications requisite to make it life-like, that we have his power at the highest.

The volume contains also many striking little stanzas, which are, however, mere versified dogmas, and deserve the form of verse only by the keenness of feeling which stirs within them. This, for instance, has acquired a deserved celebrity of its own, but it is not a poem. It has all the nakedness, the deficiency of light and shadow and livingness of effect, which belongs to a mere categorical imperative, — which is, in a poetical sense, sterile, and cut off from relation to the life to which it belongs: —

"FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

"Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
 That o'er thee swell and throng;
 They will condense within thy soul,
 And change to purpose strong.

"But he who lets his feelings run
 In soft luxurious flow,
 Shrinks when hard service must be done,
 And faints at every woe.

"Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
 Where hearts and wills are weigh'd,
 Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
 Which bloom their hour and fade.

"Off Sardinia. June 20, 1833."

But whether these verses rise to the fulness of poems, or stay in the half organized region of dogmatic thought, there is not one of them, unless it be some of the album verses and the valentine for a child, which does not betray the intensity of a mind whose thoughts are consciously divided and sifted by the Word which is "sharp and powerful as a two edged sword." But what is striking, and comparatively unusual in religious poetry, is that this sensitiveness, and delicate apprehensiveness to the divine presence, instead of blunting the author's mind to the nice gradation of human distinctions, seems to make it even more sensitive to the most delicate and subtle of these distinctions, so that we find in one and the same poem the strongest assertion of absolute and to us inconceivable prerogatives of God, and the finest shades of our feeble human discrimination. The poem to which we here refer is the only striking one which we had never seen before of Dr. Newman's, is dated at the Oratory, five years after his conversion, and being in praise of the Virgin Mary, is naturally couched in a tone which does not command our sympathy. But it is so curious an illustration of the delicacy of the human distinctions which Dr. Newman engrafs on a subject which soars beyond all human vision, combines so curious and tender a grace, with so passionate an assertion of the incommunicable and inapprehensible absoluteness of divine volition, that we cannot help extracting it as one of the most characteristic in the volume: —

"THE QUEEN OF THE SEASONS.

"(A Song for an inclement May.)

"All is divine
 which the Highest has made,
 Through the days that He wrought,
 till the day when He stay'd

Above and below,
within and around,
From the centre of space,
to its uttermost bound.

"In beauty surpassing
the Universe smiled,
On the morn of its birth,
like an innocent child,
Or like the rich bloom
of some gorgeous flower;
And the Father rejoiced
in the work of His power.

"Yet worlds brighter still,
and a brighter than those,
And a brighter again,
He had made, had He chose;
And you never could name
that conceivable best,
To exhaust the resources
the Maker possess'd.

"But I know of one work
of His Infinite Hand,
Which special and singular
ever must stand;
So perfect, so pure,
and of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence
ne'er shall do more.

"The freshness of May,
and the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July
in its passionate noon,
Munificent August,
September serene,
Are together no match
for my glorious Queen.

"O Mary! all months
and all days are thine own,
In thee lasts their joyousness,
when they are gone!
And we give to thee May,
not because it is best,
But because it comes first,
and is pledge of the rest.

"*The Oratory.*

1850."

There is something quite unique in the contrast here between the high assertion of the third verse, — which far outsoars our power of following the author, — that God might, in the arbitrariness of His free choice, have created, had He chosen, an infinitely higher world than He did choose to create, and the emphasis laid on the limitation of mortals to the most fine-drawn reasons in those last characteristic lines of the last verse, asserting that Catholics consecrate May to the Virgin,

"Not because it is best,
But because it is first,
And is pledge of the rest."

The higher and more rapt Dr. Newman's visions of God, so much more the apprehensive his eye becomes for the petty distinctions on which human life so much depends.

The *Dream of Gerontius*, the last published, the most difficult, the most distinctively Catholic, and in many respects the most remarkable of these poems, we noticed at the time of its publication two years ago in these columns. We can only say that the oftener we have read it, the more, apart from certain points of its peculiar theology, we have admired it. It is a poem intended to present in its most spiritual light the doctrine of purgatorial purification, and with this doctrine, we as Protestants, feel infinitely more sympathy than with the sacerdotal side of the Catholic system. In spite of its theological refinements, it is a genuine poem, which grows in its fascination for the imagination at every reading, and is more successful in combining metaphysical subtleties with the splendour of a beatific vision than *a priori* we could have thought possible. The passage in which the soul of Gerontius flies from the hand of its guardian angel, to be at once burned and purified in the glory of the divine presence, is one which, in justice to the author, we scarcely ought to sever from its context, but which we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting here: —

"ANGEL.

" Praise to His Name!

The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with the intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
And scorched, and shrivell'd it; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.

"SOUL.

"Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn, —
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its Sole Peace.

There will I sing my absent Lord and Love :—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day."

Whatever may be thought of this verse as verse, — and to us it seems poetry of a subduing kind, — no one will deny, though he may differ as much or even more than we do from its author, that it is the expression of a great, a powerful, and of a self-restrained mind, — a mind that obeys the lightest touch of the bridle which its author's fine intellect and delicate taste impose.

From The Spectator, Feb. 8.

THE RUMOURED RESIGNATION OF MR. ADAMS.

It is confidently asserted in America, and seems to be believed generally in London, that Mr. Adams has resigned his post as Ambassador of the United States in England. If this be true, it is a matter which England has very deep reason to regret, — unless, indeed, there be any chance that in doing so Mr. Adams has reason to expect that he may within another year fill a still more important position, and exercise a still greater influence over the policy of the United States. In any case, the loss would be certain, and the gain could at best be only contingent. No ambassador in recent times has ever had to fill a position, not merely so delicate and difficult, but so trying to the equanimity of him who held it through the rapid and extreme changes of fortune in the State of which he has been the mouthpiece. Mr. Adams has been tried in every way. Another man would have entered upon his office with a feeling of *personal* irritation by no means calculated to smooth the troubled relations between the two countries. Though we at least have never hesitated to assert the right and approve the policy of England with regard to the recognition of the belligerent rights of the Confederate States, — which was, in fact, a mere admission of one of the most palpable and impressive of historical phenomena, — yet we have always said that there was something ungracious and almost rude in precipitating the declaration of those rights, when within the lapse of another day Mr. Lincoln's first envoy would have been able to announce the wishes and views of his Government on a matter of this magni-

tude. Of course Mr. Adams could have said nothing to alter the conspicuous facts, — but there are forms in doing things almost as grave in their results as the decisions taken; and it is needlessly grating not only to decline adopting a particular policy urged upon you by a friend, but also to decline hearing what he has to say, if you can do so without injurious delay. Mr. Adams must have entered upon his diplomatic task with a just sense of soreness which, but for his great self-command, and even self-forgetfulness, might have resulted after the most lamentable fashion. And to this unfortunate beginning were soon added circumstances of the most trying nature, — first, great reverses and humiliations for his own country, till even sanguine Americans gave up hoping for success; — and in the midst of these reverses a peremptory humiliation inflicted by our own Government, not the less trying to Mr. Adams because he must have felt that it ought to have been avoided by the spontaneous offer of his own superiors to do what they themselves afterwards admitted that international law and all the precedents by which they desired to be governed required, though they had foolishly delayed their action till a humiliating pressure had been applied.

When to diplomatic misfortunes of this nature are added the social trials through which Mr. Adams went — ridicule of his national cause, sometimes of the coarsest, sometimes of the most refined kind, filling every paper he took up, stimulating the conversation of every drawing-room he entered, and entering vehemently into the sphere of parliamentary debate, — till to believe in the North became a sort of accepted proof of combined imbecility of intellect and hardness of heart, — we can scarcely respect too much the temper and the equanimity which without flinching a moment from the firmest and most steady attitude, never gave way to the natural irritability of a badgered and despondent pride. But even all this would not have proved Mr. Adams as he has actually been proved. Many men who might have doggedly kept up heart during the great reverses of their country, would have been overset by the sudden turn of the tide in its favour. The North, from becoming the most embarrassed and depressed of existing great Powers, became, by a series of splendid and rapidly succeeding victories, the most powerful and dreaded. And long after the first turn of the tide, — when the end was plainly visible to all with eyes to see, — the occasion presented itself for re-

torting on England the humiliation of the *Trent* affair. It was due, we believe, almost solely to Mr. Adams's temper and self-restraint that this occasion was not used. Our readers probably know that the deliberate declaration of the North that if the steam rams left the Mersey, it would be regarded as a *casus belli* by the North, and lead in fact to a declaration of war, had crossed on the way Lord Russell's despatch declaring the intention of the Government to detain them. It was Mr. Adams's own act to withdraw that threat and cancel the despatch in which it was contained, so as to remove all the appearance of having intimidated the English Government into submission. Had Mr. Adams allowed the bitterness of his past relation with the British Government to influence him in this matter, — which he might simply have done by not assuming to act on his own responsibility in so grave a matter, — the public irritation arising might even have led to war, and would certainly have led to a most aggravated condition of an international feeling already sufficiently strained. And after the complete victory of the North, when it came to be our turn to be embarrassed by the Fenian aggression on Canada and the Fenian rising in Ireland, Mr. Adams, had he been a "busy" Minister with sore feelings to gratify, must have known that he would not lose popularity in America by assuming an attitude on behalf of the American-Irish prisoners which would have been at once vexatious and dangerous. If he has used his responsibility with as much moderation as ever, recently when America has little to fear from war except new debt, and England has every thing to fear from it, — especially the loss of territory beyond the Atlantic, if not a dangerous civil war on this side of it, — it has been his own nice sense of political duty and jealousy for the name of a United States' Minister, and certainly no sense of vulgar self-interest, which has determined him.

Nor must we forget that Mr. Adams had to meditate during the greater part of his time between two Ministers by no means likely to smooth his duty for him. Half Mr. Seward's despatches have been written *not* for the effect they would produce on the Minister to whom they were to be read, but for the effect they would produce in the country in which they were ultimately to be published. Mr. Adams must have felt profoundly at times the vexation of reading to Lord Russell those magniloquent flourishes with which Mr. Seward adorned the cun-

ning logic of his manifestoes or protests. Nor was Lord Russell the pleasantest person to deal with in such a case. Proud, curt, short-mannered, and with a considerable knack acquired in Parliament for the dry thrusts of debate, there must have been many a moment in which Mr. Adams felt almost an inward rage at having to expose himself, for Mr. Seward's sake, to so skilled and supercilious a criticism. Yet we know on Lord Russell's own candid confession, — and no one knows better how to be candid without any loss of hauteur, — that conversation with Mr. Adams (*not* Mr. Seward's despatches) had vitally changed his views as to the character and consistency of Mr. Lincoln's policy. We can conceive of no career more likely to impress upon a public which is apt at times to talk with silly fluency of the superfluity in these days of popular government, — of embassies and ambassadors, — than the career of the Ambassador who for seven years has had to manage the relations of the two most popular Governments on the globe, and but for whose personal wisdom and tact those two popular Governments would probably at this moment be peppering each other with proclamations, orders in council, general orders, turret guns, and all the elaborate missiles of scientific war.

Correspondence of The N.Y. Evening Post.

THE HOME OF CALHOUN.

PENDLETON, S. C., January, 1868.

THE road from Greenville to Pendleton is a most beautiful and romantic ride, commanding at many points a fine view of Table Rock, Whitesides, Chimney Top, and several other noted summits of the Blue Ridge. I could not forbear stopping several times to gaze upon this scene, spread out before me and forming a picturesque background to the scenery of the country.

The sun had already set when I arrived at the village of Pendleton. Inquiring for my friend, I easily found his residence, was warmly welcomed and made comfortable for the night. The next evening I set out to view Fort Hill, the former residence of John C. Calhoun. It is still owned by his family, though repeatedly advertised in the district papers to be sold for debt. The last time General Canby's order, establishing for the present a homestead law, just saved

it from the hands of the auctioneer, and now it is supposed that it will remain in the possession of the family. Mr. Calhoun left a considerable property, but the estate owning a large number of negroes, and a great amount of money having been invested in Confederate bonds, little or nothing would have remained to those who bear his name but for General Canby's Homestead law.

In former times, I am told, Mr. Calhoun's family were accustomed to receive many visitors, who came from far and near to view his residence, and were always received and hospitably entertained at his table.

Perhaps it is not generally known that Mr. Calhoun left at his death five sons and two daughters, all grown up. Of these only the eldest daughter is now living; four sons died of consumption within a short period of each other, one daughter of fever, and the eldest son (then a middle-aged man) died during the war of apoplexy. The family residence is now the home of his widow and children.

It is but a neat and comfortable residence, pleasantly embowered in trees, and commanding a beautiful view of the mountains. Around it lie large and fertile fields of meadow land, in a high state of cultivation, stretching along the banks of the Seneca. I am told that Mr. Calhoun, during his lifetime, was accustomed to superintend the culture of this farm with the greatest care and interest.

Near the dwelling-house, and shaded by beautiful oaks, stands his library and study, with a portico which commands an extensive view of the country. From the top of the hill on which the house stands one can trace the windings of the river for several miles. Several gentlemen's houses, all embowered in trees, can be seen from Fort Hill, to each belonging many hundred acres of rich river land.

These dwellings in former days were the summer residences of rich and aristocratic families, generally from the low country. To each belonged so many fine horses, carriages and servants, that living at a distance of six or eight miles from the greater part of their neighbors did not effect any isolation of the family but was rather an excuse for keeping open house and entertaining visitors night and day. Now most of the families who remain in these dwellings are al-

most isolated from others. It has become difficult for all classes to make a subsistence. The cotton, which these planters expected to bring them from twenty to thirty cents per pound, only brings twelve and a half to fifteen cents, and in many instances they bear up against an entire failure of crops. With debt and anxiety hanging over their heads, little disposition or ability remains for gayety and visiting.

I suppose it will occasion astonishment to hear that Mr. Calhoun's library was lately sold, with some other personal property, to satisfy debts, at about \$250. Whole shelves of books were knocked down for from four to six dollars a shelf. As I have said, the sale of the house and land was then advertised to take place, and expected to follow that of the library and furniture within a short time; but General Canby's order, reserving to every family a house and twenty acres of land, will for the present enable this widowed lady and her children to retain their home.

Pendleton was once a summer resort, for the wealthy low-country families of the state. Now there are few remaining but the plain country people whose home the place has always been. In a circuit of half a mile there are now fourteen houses shut up and empty.

Yet amid the general desolation I take pleasure in recording one instance of success and prosperity in business. My friend Mr. Smith came from New England some time before the war; his means were so limited that himself and family were employed as hands in one of the factories of a neighboring village.

Some fortunate speculations, of which the proceeds were immediately and judiciously invested, enabled him to acquire wealth very rapidly. He now owns over fifty thousand dollars' worth of property, lives in a pleasant residence not far from the village, and is doing a business which bids fair rapidly to increase his wealth and resources.

One melancholy instance of the decline of Pendleton met my view. During its prosperous days four churches had been built. Some time ago all the place managed to support a minister half his time. Now there are two, but one will probably leave for want of sufficient salary.

ANTONIO.

THREEFOLD PRAISE.

HAYDN — MENDELSSOHN — HANDEL.

"We bless Thee for our creation, preservation,
and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for
Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the
world by our Lord Jesus Christ."

PART I.

"We bless Thee for our creation."

Haydn's "Creation."

WHAT is the first and simplest praise,
The universal debt,
Which yet the thoughtless heart of man
So quickly may forget?
"We bless Thee for creation!"
So taught the noble band
Who left a sound and holy form,
For ages yet to stand,
Rich legacy of praise and prayer,
Laid up through ages past,
Strong witness for the truth of God:
Oh, may we hold it fast!

"We bless Thee for creation!"
So are we blithely taught
By Haydn's joyous spirit;
Such was the praise he brought.
A praise all morning sunshine,
And sparklets of the spring,
O'er which the long life-shadows
No chastening softness fling.
A praise of early freshness,
Of carol and of trill,
Re-echoing all the music
Of valley and of rill.
A praise that we are sharing
With every singing breeze,
With nightingales and linnets,
With waterfalls and trees;
With anthems of the flowers,
Too delicate and sweet
For all their fairy minstrelsy
Our mortal ears to greet.

A mighty song of blessing
Archangels too uplift,
For their own bright existence,
A grand and glorious gift.
But such their full life-chalice,
So sparkling and so pure,
And such their vivid sense of joy,
Sweet, solid, and secure,
We cannot write the harmonies
To such a song of bliss,
We only catch the melody,
And sing, content with this.

We are but little children,
And earth a broken toy,
We do not know the treasures
In our Father's house of joy.
Thanksgivings for creation
We ignorantly raise;
We know not yet the thousandth part
Of that for which we praise.

Yet, praise Him for creation!
Nor cease the happy song,
But this our Hallelujah
Through all our life prolong.
'Twill mingle with the chorus
Before the heavenly throne,
Where what it truly is TO BE
Shall first be fully known.

PART II.

"... preservation, and all the blessings of this life."

Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

O FELIX! happy in thy varied store
Of harmonies undreamt before,
How different was the gift
Of praise 'twas thine to pour,
Whether in stately calm, or tempest strong and
swift!

Mark the day,
In mourning robe of grey,
Of shrouded mountain and of storm-swept
vale,
And purple pall spread o'er the distance pale,
While thunderous masses wildly drift
In lurid gloom and grandeur: then a swift
And dazzling ray bursts through a sudden
rift;
The dark waves glitter as the storms subside,
And all is light and glory at the eventide.

O sunlight of thanksgiving! Who that
knows
Its bright forth-breaking after dreariest days,
Would change the after-thought of woes
For memory's loveliest light that glows,
If so he must forego one note of that sweet
praise?

For not the song
Which knows no minor cadence, sad and
long;
And not the tide
Whose emerald and silver pride
Was never dashed in wild and writhing fray,
Where grim and giant rocks hurl back the
spray;
And not the crystal atmosphere,
That carves each outline sharp and clear
Upon a sapphire sky: not these, not these,
Nor aught existing but to charm and please,
Without acknowledging life's mystery,
And all the mighty reign
Of yearning and of pain
That fills its half-read history,
Fit music can supply
To lift the wondering heart on high
To that Preserving Love, which rules all
change,
And gives "all blessings of this life," so dream-
like and so strange.

And his was praise
Deeper and truer : such as those may raise
Who know both shade and sunlight, and
whose life

Hath learnt victorious strife
Of courage and of trust and hope still dear,
With passion, and with grief, with danger and
with fear.

Upriseth now a cry,
Plaintive and piercing, to the brazen sky :
Help, Lord ! the harvest days are gone ;
Help, Lord ! for other help is none ;
The infant children cry for bread,
And no man breaketh it. The suckling's
tongue for thirst
Now cleaveth to his mouth. Our land is
cursed,
Onr wasted Zion mourns, in vain her hands are
spread.

A mother's tale of grief,
Of sudden blight upon the chief,
The *only* flower of love that cheered her widowed
need :

O loneliest ! O desolate indeed !
Were it not mockery to whisper here
A word of hope and cheer ?

A mountain brow, an awe-struck crowd,
The prayer-sent flame, the prayer-sent
cloud,

A mighty faith, a more than kingly power,
Changed for depression's darkest hour,
For one lone shadow in the desert sought,
A fainting frame, a spirit overwrought,
A sense of labour vain, and strength all spent
for nought.

Death hovering near,
With visible terror-spear
Of famine, or a murder-stained sword,
A stricken land forsaken of her Lord ;
While bowed with double fear,
The faithful few appear ;
O sorrows manifold outpoured !
Is blessing built upon such dark foundation ?
And can a temple rising from such woe,
Rising upon such mournful crypts below,
Be filled with light and joy and sounding ado-
ration ?

O strange mosaic ! wondrously inlaid
Are all its depths of shade,
With beauteous stones of promise, marbles
fair
Of trust and calm, and, flashing brightly,
there
The precious gems of praise are set, and shine
Resplendent with a light that almost seems di-
vine.

Thanks be to God !
The thirsty land He laveth,
The perishing He saveth ;
The floods lift up their voices,
The answering earth rejoices.

Thanks be to Him, and never-ending land,
For this new token of His boundless love,
Who reigns in might the waterfloods above ;
The gathering waters rush along ;
And leaps the exultant shout, one cataract of
song,
Thanks be to God !

Thus joyously we sing ;
Nor is this all the praise we bring.
We need not wait for earthquake, storm, and
fire

To lift our praises higher ;
Nor wait for heaven-dawn ere we join the
hymn

Of throne-surrounding cherubim ;
For even on earth their anthem hath begun,
To Him, the Mighty and the Holy One.
We know the still small Voice in many a
word

Of guidance, and command, and promise
heard ;

And, knowing it, we bow before His feet,
With love and awe the seraph-strain repeat,
Holy, holy, holy ! God the Lord !
His glory fills the earth, His name be all-adored.

O Lord, our Lord ! how excellent Thy name
Throughout this universal frame !

Therefore thy children rest
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings,
A shelter safe and blest ;
And tune their often tremulous strings
Thy love to praise, Thy glory to proclaim,
The Merciful, the Gracious One, eternally The
Same.

PART III.

" . . . but above all for Thine inestimable love in
the redemption of the world by our
Lord Jesus Christ."

Handel's "Messiah."

HUSH ! for a master-harp is tuned again,
In truest unison with choirs above,
For prelude to a loftier, sweeter strain,
The praise of God's inestimable love ;
Who sent redemption to a world of woe,
That all a Father's heart His banished ones
might know.

Hush ! while on silvery wing of holiest song
Floats forth the old, dear story of our peace,
His coming, the Desire of ages long,
To wear our chains and win our glad re-
lease.

Our wondering joy, to hear such tidings blest,
Is crowned with "Come to Him, and He will
give you rest."

Rest, by His sorrow ! Bruised for our sin,
Behold the Lamb of God ! His death our
life.

Now lift your heads, ye gates ! He entereth in,
Christ risen indeed, and Conqueror in the
strife.

Thanks, thanks to Him who won, and Him
 who gave
 Such victory of love, such triumph o'er the
 grave.

Hark! "Hallelujah!" Oh, sublimest strain!
 Is it prophetic echo of the day

When He, our Saviour and our King, shall
 reign,

And all the earth shall own his righteous
 sway?

Lift heart and voice, and swell the mighty
 chords,

While hallelujahs peal, to Him, the Lord of
 Lords!

"Worthy of all adoration

Is the Lamb that once was slain,"

Cry, in raptured exultation,

His redeemed from every nation;

Angel-myrriads join the strain;

Sounding from their sinless strings

Glory to the King of kings:

Harping with their harps of gold,

Praise which never can be told.

Hallelujahs full and swelling

Rise around His throne of might,

All our highest laud excelling,

Holy and Immortal, dwelling

In the unapproached light,

He is worthy to receive

All that heaven and earth can give,

Blessing, honour, glory, might,

All are His by glorious right.

As the sound of many waters

Let the full Amen arise!

HALLELUJAH! Ceasing never

Sounding through the great **FOR EVER**,

Linking all its harmonies;

Through eternities of bliss,

Lord, our raptures shall be this;

And our endless life shall be

One AMEN of praise to Thee.

FANNY R. HAVERGAL.

COUNTRY-FAIR jugglers exhibit a little instrument which they persuade their dupes will enable them to see through a brick or a board or any other equally opaque body, whereas the fact is that the magic contrivance consists merely of a number of hidden mirrors so arranged that the observer actually looks round the obstruction. Without any magic or jugglery, however, a method has lately been found for virtually looking into the interior of a mass of iron, in order to detect cracks or flaws in its

structure. A compass needle is the searching eye. It is well known that any mass of iron held at a certain inclination to the magnetic equator becomes temporarily a magnet. If the structure of the iron be perfect, i. e. without breaks of continuity, either external or internal, the mass will behave just as an ordinary steel magnet, and will deflect a compass needle passed around it in a regular and orderly manner. But if there be breaks of continuity there will be corresponding breaks of magnetism, and the needle will be vagarious in its behaviour, always performing some immethodical movement just at the spot beneath which the flaw is situated. Mr. Saxby, R. N., lately proposed to apply the principle to the testing of iron forgings and castings: his proposal was favourably reported on by the Astronomer Royal, and a series of experiments to determine the validity of the process has been prosecuted at the Chatham and Sheerness dockyards. These have been eminently successful as far as they have gone, and give great hopes that one of the greatest difficulties mechanical engineers have to cope with, that of ascertaining the perfection of a weld or the soundness of a casting, will ultimately be removed. — *Once a Week.*

THERE WAS a Norwegian kitchen exhibited in Paris this last year, which was a curiosity in its way. It was a small box well coated with non-conducting substances, on the principle of a refrigerator; only, whereas the object of a refrigerator is to keep the heat out, that of a Norwegian kitchen is to keep it in. Boil water for five minutes and put it into this box. At the end of many hours it will be found to have lost little of its temperature; and, meat immersed in the water, will be found in due time perfectly cooked. All this is so well known that I need not have repeated the facts. But I remember that the Norwegian kitchen has been praised chiefly as a boon to the poor man. He can cook his dinner with his breakfast fire; he need not have the expense of keeping up the fire till dinner-time, nor the trouble of tending it. The Norwegian kitchen needs no care. Five hours after the meat has been boxed up in it, the dinner is ready. But the same apparatus may equally serve the needs of richer men. The other day, at the covert side, we had a hot luncheon out of one — stewed beef, and *poulet au riz*. The beef and the fowl had in the morning been put each in a tin with boiling water: the tins were put into the Norwegian box; the box was carted to the covert side. That was all. At luncheon-time, we had our victuals smoking hot, and cooked to perfection. — *Once a Week.*